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LETTERS

heirs of Pilate

Staten Island, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: More than five months ago *The Nation* published my brief account of a citizen's quest for justice in the killing of four students at Kent State in 1970. On the eve of the second anniversary of that slaughter, I believe it is appropriate to remind your readers that not only has the Administration continued to hold the law in contempt but that all of us have cruelly condoned this travesty of justice by our cynical silence. . . .

Last August former Attorney General Mitchell officially pronounced the Guardsmen guilty of inexcusably killing and wounding thirteen students and then went on to deny them their right to submit to a federal inquiry their reasons for shooting. Mitchell . . . said there was no justification whatsoever for the gunfire, thereby admitting that the bloody consequences constituted a violation of Section 241 of the U.S. Code, Title 18. In the next breath he claimed there were no grounds for convening a federal grand jury. . . .

Like Pontius Pilate, President Nixon has washed his hands of this innocent blood and, like the witnesses to Pilate's symbolic act, the American people have clearly demonstrated their approval by their silence. How, in good conscience, can we ignore these words of James Ahern, former New Haven Chief of Police and member of the Scranton Commission, in his recently published book, *Police in Trouble*: "But although the Scranton Commission made no allocations of guilt, and although it did not say that crimes as such had been committed, there should be little doubt in the public mind that those who fired their guns at Kent State and Jackson State were, and are, liable to criminal prosecution. When people are killed unnecessarily, inexcusably, unreasonably and unjustifiably, only someone with a deep cynicism concerning our system of justice could assume that they were not killed illegally. The only question should be whether the crimes involved could somehow be considered not murder but manslaughter."

Peter Davies

Muskie's credentials

Ithaca, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation* gives the impression that it believes that adequate improvements cannot be made at home as long as we are spending so much of our substance on the war in Indochina and on armaments in general. You also seem to be lukewarm, if not hostile, to the candidacy of Senator Muskie.

Granted that the record of Mr. Muskie on the war is not perfect, but if a perfect record is demanded, there would hardly be anybody to support except Wayne Morse or Ernest Gruening. Senator McGovern has stood out by virtue of the McGovern-Hatfield amendment and his work for peace. But does he surpass Senator Muskie on that score? After Hubert Humphrey was nominated in 1968, Senator McGovern . . . supported the Humphrey-Muskie ticket, and won re-election to the Senate as a regular Democrat. Speaking in the Senate on October 13, 1969, Senator McGovern said: "One of the most remarkable and indeed one of the wisest men to serve in the U.S. Senate is the distinguished senior Senator from Louisiana (Allen J. Ellender). . . ." It would be hard to find a more consistent supporter of the Nixon war policies than Senator Ellender.

Senator Muskie has admitted the mistake he made in the period before 1969. That his repentence is genuine is indicated by the fact that he has received the support of the most resolute opponents of the war. Who among the candidates has been endorsed by such steadfast friends of peace as Governor Gilligan, Congressman Reuss, and Sena-

(Continued on page 595)

EDITORIALS

Word from the Oval Room

After nursing his military, diplomatic and political wounds for three weeks, while skillfully avoiding the press, the President finally deigned to say a few words to us serfs. Once again we were offered the same glib assurances, the same optimistic reports that clash with headlines and camera shots from the battle front. Once again we were asked to swallow the discredited Munich analogy: "If one country armed with the most modern weapons by major powers can invade another nation and succeed in conquering it," then other countries will be encouraged to take similar action in the Middle East and Europe. This is on a par, for relevance and honesty, with Edward Heath's stout insistence that there are two nations in Northern Ireland. There is one nation in Vietnam, not two, and the United States is playing the role of invader. But nothing is ever served by attempting to rebut what Mr. Nixon says about Vietnam.

One point does require emphasis. Like the Vice President recently, the President was at considerable pains to establish a "stab in the back" alibi, should it turn out that the ARVN cannot "hack it," even with unlimited U. S. air and naval power, or should the Soviets be unsuccessful in getting Hanoi to compromise its position. In brief, if the President's carefully prepared political redoubt is overrun, he will say that his resolve did not weaken but that the people's did. More specifically, the fault will be with the Congress and his critics and not in anything that he has done or failed to do. This carries a clear threat to opponents in his own and the opposition party; it is also a desperate attempt to hold public opinion in line by forcing a moratorium on criticism and protest. Either the people support his policies or they will be held responsible for the debacle which, if it comes, will surely be a direst consequence of those policies. This is wicked and unreasonable, but the President has run out of scapegoats.

At the same time, and at this late hour, he insists that "we will not be defeated" nor will we "surrender our friends to Communist aggression." This translates out to mean: we will continue the war and the bombing until the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong are prepared to accept the Thieu regime, which in turn means until they will accept an American military presence by proxy in Vietnam for an indefinite time. That is the crux of the matter, and the question at the resumed Paris talks, public and private, is whether under Soviet pressure the North Vietnamese will yield on it. Meanwhile, the President will hang in there, talking about peace as he steps up the bombing, boasting of how he has reduced troop levels while sending in 20,000 additional Navy and Air Force personnel, which are not included in his tallies, and repeating that he has wound down the war while increasing its fury, spreading the area of conflict, and vastly adding to the Vietnamese casualties and the homeless, bombed-out refugees. Eager as most Americans are to learn, at infrequent intervals, what the President is thinking, he never speaks but that somehow one wishes he had remained silent. His every speech on Vietnam is a national embarrassment.

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Shambles

Where the Joint Chiefs of Staff have been proved wrong so often, *The Nation* fears to tread, but whatever the outcome of the present North Vietnam-Vietcong offensive, a shambles has been made of Vietnamization. From now on, American air power, already carrying much of the burden of the war for the ARVN, must take on still more. If it fails, important units of Thieu's forces may disintegrate or be overrun when they stand and fight. Thieu kept himself in office with a faked election, but what keeps him there now is naked military power—American military power with a South Vietnamese façade. If the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong continue their offensive on the present scale, Thieu may go the way of Ngo Dinh Diem.

The North Vietnamese strategy has been brilliant—General Giap is evidently as good as he was against the French at Dienbienphu. But what is astonishing is the bad showing the South Vietnamese have made. They had a million men under arms, yet soon after the offensive began, news got through the censorship that Thieu had sent his palace guard—his protection against a coup—into action. The delta region south of Saigon was denuded of troops, although the Vietcong had always been strong there. Suddenly the delta area had become unimportant. All this sounded incredible in relation to an army of a million men. Where were its reserves? The only conclusion was that it didn't have any. There was only a nucleus of professional soldiers with an enormous fringe of militia, regional forces, local forces, Keystone Cops, etc. Such amateurs, even if beefed up with a certain number of semi-professionals, are no match for a well-trained army, especially when these effectives swoop down with tanks and artillery.

And what of the South Vietnamese air force, supposedly equipped with some 1,300 planes and said to be the seventh largest in the world? They don't like to fight at night, it seems; from which one may deduce that a lot of them are not eager to fight at all. The previously quiet war suited them; the present war, the real thing, doesn't please them at all. This absence of martial fervor is not entirely the fault of the pilots. A great deal of air Vietnamization is only on paper and in President Nixon's pronouncements. The training and equipping of the South Vietnamese air force is not scheduled to be completed until 1974, which doesn't help much in 1972. But even in 1974, this air force (if it exists then) will not be self-sufficient; according to *Time* (May 1) it will not be given equipment that might tempt it into "unwise adventures." Washington, sensible for once, prefers to keep control of the war. There might be unpleasant consequences if Saigon (assuming a Thieu-type government is still running things in 1974) took it into its head to bomb Soviet freighters up at Haiphong and kill a few score Russians.

The prospect, then, is for an indefinitely prolonged American air presence in Indochina, involving, say, 40,000 men and an outlay of $1 billion or $2 billion a year. Nixon wound down the ground war as far as Americans are concerned, but there is no prospect of winding down the air war. Undoubtedly in its present bombing frenzy the USAF has inflicted serious losses on the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong, as on the civilian popula-

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tion of both Vietnams. But these enemy casualties have been achieved at a considerable cost. In the three weeks of the current offensive, eighteen U.S. planes and twenty-four helicopters have been lost, with twenty-five killed, eight wounded, and forty-one missing.

Repeat: forty-one. That is embarrassing, to say the least. One of Nixon's problems is the Americans, mostly airmen, held by the North Vietnamese. The corollary problem is the families of these men, some of whom have been in captivity for eight years. As we pursue and intensify the air war—more carriers and other fighting ships are on the way—not only does the prospect of the POWs coming home recede but their numbers will increase. How Mr. Nixon will deal with that aggravation we are content to leave to him.

"Pacification" of course is a part of the shambles. So is Cambodia, so is Laos. The worst mistake of all was the President's incursion into Cambodia, which gave the North Vietnamese a whole country to use for attacks on South Vietnam from the West, instead of the few border areas they had held before. All over South Vietnam, de-pacification is now the order of the day.

An even more crucial question is whether American air power, at whatever cost, can hold South Vietnam for Thieu. Suppose it turns out that American ground troops are required in concert with air power? For obvious political reasons, Mr. Nixon is not likely to recommit our ground forces before the election, but if he is re-elected, he may do just that, going on TV to explain why. God help him, he can do no other. That possibility, if it can be got into the heads of Nixon-worshippers, might change their minds when they go into the polling booths.

CAMPAIGN '72
Brightening Prospects

In the long view, the most significant aspect of the Democratic primaries to date has been not the fluctuation in reputations and standings but mounting evidence that the old or regular Democratic organizations are crumbling. Not only has Senator McGovern staged extremely effective, low-cost, amateur-directed, grass-roots campaigns in the various direct primaries he has entered but, using the same methods, he has done remarkably well in the quest for delegates in Vermont, Missouri and Idaho, where the party leadership has been supporting Muskie. In Vermont not a single well-known party regular supported McGovern. Incidentally, the McGovern campaign there was put together by two sophomores at Middlebury College, and the old-line professionals hardly knew what hit them. A ward leader told James Perry of *National Observer*: "We turned out *zilch* for Muskie." The question is, why have the regular Democratic organizations not made a better showing? Mayor Richard Daley can still crack a whip, but even he has been getting his share of bumps.

For one thing, the McGovern campaign has been put together with skill and foresight. While building a Democratic Party in South Dakota, the Senator learned a few hard lessons about political organization, and of all the candidates, he has by far the best sense of how to go about it. The young men he has gathered around him—Richard Stearns, 27, Gary Hart, 34, Gene Pokorny, 25—have enthusiasm and drive and a high level of competence. Some 10,000 people, it is said, were working for McGovern in Wisconsin and Mr. Pokorny estimates that good organization work accounted for a third of McGovern's support in that state. Of course, there are other factors, as, for example, widespread distaste for slick media campaigns, conventional political rhetoric and old-style political posturing. But a basic if neglected factor has been the striking weakness of the regular Democratic machinery. The party leaders have been sitting in offices to which an older generation of voters elected them, pulling levers and pushing buttons and collecting funds in a "politics as usual" fashion. In the absence of a strong challenge from within the party, they have been able in the immediate past to function fairly well, but they have not been rebuilding the party, recruiting new elements, or exploring new issues and techniques. "Out of touch" sums it up.

The disintegration of this older regular Democratic leadership is a major development. Obviously, such experienced politicians as Senators Eagleton, Symington and Church, and Governors such as Gilligan, Shapp and Andrus, felt that Muskie would be acceptable to the rank and file as well as to the leadership. But he did not perform well as a candidate and his organization was never effective. How did it happen, though, that so many experienced Democratic politicians so badly misjudged Muskie's appeal? The answer would seem to be that they, too, have been out of touch with what has been occurring at the nerve ends of the electorate.

A related factor is the extraordinary speed with which new attitudes can sprout in today's political ferment and the equal speed with which established reputations can become irrelevant. Humphrey's appeal—largely limited to labor leaders, party regulars, an older generation of blacks and the elderly—is almost pure nostalgia; the young cannot abide him. In Pennsylvania, the regular organization, not yet firmly controlled by Governor Shapp, supported Muskie and the labor machine supported Humphrey, but the vote for McGovern and Wallace, neither of whom had campaigned hard in that state, does not suggest that either the party organization or the labor machine performed sensationally. On balance, the emergence of the McGovern organization—by far the best of any candidate—is the real news of the primaries to date.

* * *

The Peace Movement—that strange amalgam which appears and disappears in rhythmic oscillation with the headlines—is once again stirring and mobilizing. People are once more marching, "old-timers and new faces," and big demonstrations are planned for May 4, to be followed by observances on the anniversary of the Kent State massacre. For all its weaknesses, the American peace movement has demonstrated a remarkable tenacity, and it has been more effective than most of its adherents seem to realize. In the words of one West Coast peace activist, as quoted in *The New York Times*: "The truth is, if it weren't for us the war would have spread through Asia. We have been the conscience of the nation."

Quite true. And now the movement has a good chance to end the war, if it can solve some serious problems. It must expose the real character of the "capital intensive"

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war of "titanic firepower" which Nixon is waging and, at the same time, define sharply and drive home his strategy for maintaining an American military presence in Vietnam. It must relate the war to such problems as inflation, unemployment, distortions in the economy, and the grossly inequitable distribution of the tax burden.

Above all, the peace movement must keep its adherents from falling into the trap of mindless violence. Neither Columbia nor Stanford nor Harvard should be prime targets in 1972; whatever justification existed for campus rampages in 1968, the situation is now different. The ROTC is no longer on the Columbia campus and most of the major military contracts have been canceled. This year, the goal is to unite every element of the peace movement in a single drive to oust the Nixon Administration. This year, the voters have a strong peace candidate who is building momentum within the Democratic Party. He may or may not be nominated, but his strength has already reached the point where it can be said that the forces he represents cannot be ignored at Miami, as the McCarthy forces were ignored at Chicago. Not to recognize the opportunity for political action and the importance of the new voters is to demonstrate a willful blindness to political reality. The college element among the new voters can now register from their campus communities in almost every state; there is no excuse for apathy. But small groups of rampaging activists are threatening the unity of the peace forces on more than one campus. At Columbia, Seymour Melman, a veteran peace activist, could not win recognition from the chair at a recent student-faculty-staff meeting. The presidents of eight Ivy League universities and M.I.T. have joined in a statement, as individuals, denouncing the war. President Lyman of Stanford has expressed his "dismay and outrage" over the escalation of the air war. Law school deans at Stanford, Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Arizona and UCLA have given personal support to a new petition drive to end the bombing and resume the peace talks; the drive is aimed at all 148 of the nation's law schools. The petition expresses "outrage" at the current bombing attacks, calling them "a senseless renewal of brutality upon a people entrapped in a political, military and moral vacuum not of their making." In view of these and similar developments, muscle-flexing for the purpose of demonstrating *machismo* or to serve some narrow Left sectarian interest, is wildly counterproductive. It may make headlines but they are the wrong kind. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin see the point; the Yippies and Zippies are supporting McGovern as "the last hope for the electoral system in the country."

The peace movement must adopt new tactics. Merely to illustrate: a delegation representing the broadest spectrum of the movement should demand a full hour of free prime time from the three networks to say what should be said about the war. If violence is to be avoided in this year's campaign, the issue must be aired, not in small rallies but to the widest possible listening and viewing audience. If enough pressure is applied, the networks must yield to a request of that kind. Assurances should be offered that the discussion will be about the war and means for ending it, and not about particular candidates. Petition drives should be launched to strengthen the growing resolve in the Congress to fix a cutoff date for funds. Work stoppages for short periods—so that they can be repeated and extended if necessary—should be organized.

Above all the movement should exude a new confidence that the war can be stopped. For understandable reasons, the peace forces act as though they were doing their duty, without much hope of winning. The brighter the political prospects become, the less confidence is expressed in the political process. The Harrisburg defendants, for example, seemed to be resigned to the worst; that jury of Middle Americans was not to be trusted, it was all quite hopeless, etc., but it did not turn out that way. A heavy blow, in fact, was dealt the whole conspiracy tactic by that jury, which Father Phil Berrigan was finally moved to concede turned out to be "quite a jury."

The American electorate of 1972 is not the electorate of 1968. McGovern, the strongest and most consistent of the anti-war candidates, drew support from all classes and all levels of opinion in Massachusetts, as he did in Wisconsin. He attracted students, middle-class elements, suburbanites, minorities; he got, it is estimated, half the labor vote, half the Irish-American and Italian-American vote, and 40 per cent of the elderly. His following is not limited to the elements that in 1968 supported McCarthy. His major weakness is among blacks, but that is due in part to the emphasis on "Black Power" and self-organization and, also, to the touching, if misguided, loyalty of older blacks to Humphrey, who has not done much for them lately. The prospects for peace politics are brighter than they have ever been, but they can be dimmed by stupid tactics, the chief of which is mindless violence.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Merger, Inc.

A special variation on the reduction of independent journalism in this country by the death or merger of newspapers (see p. 588) is provided by the current activities of the Cowles organization in the Denver area. In a sense, Cowles is getting its own back. In the suburban ring surrounding Minneapolis and St. Paul, the *Sun* organization operates twenty-six interlocking publications. It is one of the most successful suburban chains in the country and its effect on the circulation and advertising linage of the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune*, owned by Cowles, has been considerable.

Now Cowles has bought twenty-two Colorado weeklies in the Denver area from two competing suburban chains, and the likely effect on the big Denver dailies, the *Rocky Mountain News* and the *Denver Post* will not be happy. The circulation of the papers bought by Cowles has been about 300,000; allowing for some shrinkage because of mergers that took place with the purchase, the total is probably about 250,000 today. Both Denver dailies rely heavily on suburban readers and advertisers. Of course, the suburban weekly competition was there before Cowles stepped into the picture, but it has the resources to generate readership and advertising revenue that the local impresarios lacked.

Thus the score in the Denver area is: two small chains have been gobbled up by one huge chain, and in the process two daily papers have had their wings clipped. Veblen's curse continues to pursue the American press.

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Everybody Is Listening

The following is a small incident, but it is revealing. The White House gave a reception for the American Society of Newspaper Editors, holding its annual meeting in Washington. Al Romm, editor of the Middletown, N.Y. *Times-Herald-Record*, and his wife were pulled out of the receiving line by Robert Taylor, who identified himself as head of the White House Secret Service detail. Taylor told them that he had information that Mrs. Romm would attempt to hold a conversation with the President and asked for assurance that she would refrain from doing so.

Later, Mrs. Romm told the Washington *Star* that she had remarked at a tea with Cabinet wives that she would like to say to the President something along the lines of "Stop the bombing." Why this should discomfit the President is hard to see. He has a whole repertory of excuses handy for just such importunities. The agent, however, pressed his request for an assurance that Mrs. Romm would not speak to the President.

Somewhat riled, Mr. Romm told his wife not to reply and remonstrated with the agent, who took umbrage in his turn. They didn't *have* to leave, he said, but if they wanted to do so he would get them a cab. Mr. Romm went upstairs, talked to the president of the ASNE, and decided to leave. Thus the Romms never did get to shake the Presidential hand.

By the time the Romms got home to Middletown, the ASNE had taken up the case and phoned to say that Herbert Klein had apologized to the ASNE officers and would also apologize to Mr. and Mrs. Romm. Klein then phoned, said the agent had made a mistake, and offered to pass along any message that either Mr. Romm or his wife had for the President. That might have ended the incident, but Romm, being a newspaper man, got to thinking further and called Klein back to ask whether, as a result of this contretemps, some damaging comment might be stashed away in some file. Klein said he doubted it. Romm asked Klein to check and if he found anything of the sort to have it expunged. Klein said, "I don't know, but I'll sure try." To Romm, he sounded uncertain.

Rep. John G. Dow, the Congressman in whose district Middletown is located, made a statement on the floor of the House denouncing the "shameful episode" at the White House. "Mr. and Mrs. Romm are stable people," he said in part. "I'm sure they can survive this experience. But the real question, Mr. Speaker, is: How often is this kind of suffocating pressure put upon other American citizens who come to the White House to exchange a word with their President in this supposedly free society?"

To which we may add that if the President were not pursuing such a wicked policy he would not fear his constituents to this degree. He is acting more and more like a beleaguered sovereign who is governing without popular consent. And if he were not that kind of President, with that kind of Administration, Cabinet wives would not deem it necessary to inform on the political views of their tea guests.

Bangladesh: Fertile for Mischief

DAVID LOSHAK
Mr. Loshak was from 1969 to 1972 the Southern Asia correspondent of The Daily Telegraph *(London). He is now in Cape Town for that paper. His* Pakistan Crisis *was published in February by McGraw-Hill.*

Few nations can have begun life so inauspiciously, so perilously placed, as Bangladesh, the world's newest. Until it emerged, just before Christmas, into independence from the turmoil of natural and man-made disaster of the previous two years, it had been for twenty-four years the eastern province of Pakistan. In those years (as for generations previously under British rule), East Pakistan had been treated as a colony by its western partner, despite the Muslim ties which in theory bound them. This merciless exploitation was the chief motivation in the fight for independence, rather like the "no taxation without representation" of the American colonies two centuries ago.

Now Bangladesh is on its own, tottering uncertainly, and how it shapes may be of greater importance to the West than it might seem. For Bangladesh, the eighth most populous nation in the world, is neither as remote nor as insignificant as it appears on the map. After all, the events there during December's Indo-Pakistani war were enough to bring both the Seventh Fleet and the Russian Navy into the Bay of Bengal, and China too was actively, if silently, involved. As the map shows, Bangladesh is at a great strategic global crux, a crossroads of Southern Asia, adjoining India and the Indian Ocean, close to China and to Russia, a region wide open to every kind of political, ideological and economic influence. This is a land fertile not only for rice but for every kind of political mischief making, and its geographical remoteness is no bar to its becoming an ideological battleground: between Hindu-Muslim communalism or a more tolerant secularism, between Eastern and Western influences, between Russian Marxism and Chinese Maoism, between Indian democracy or Asian dictatorship. Under the vibrant, personal leadership of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, Bangladesh has begun to grope its way toward some form of parliamentary democracy on the Indian pattern, but it is early days yet and there is still disquietingly ample opportunity for lacerating ideological conflict over the form of the new state.

It must be said, first, that whatever its form, Bangladesh, *is* a new state, *is* a reality—however widely or promptly it is so recognized by other countries. Indeed, formal diplomatic recognition of itself means little: non-recognition of Chairman Mao's China did not alter its reality. The key issue for the future is not so much whether Bangladesh is a nation but whether it is a complete nation. For it consists of what was once, before Pakistan was carved out of a subdivided India, the Indian province of East Bengal. Its people are Bengalis, their language is Bengali, their culture is distinctly Bengali,

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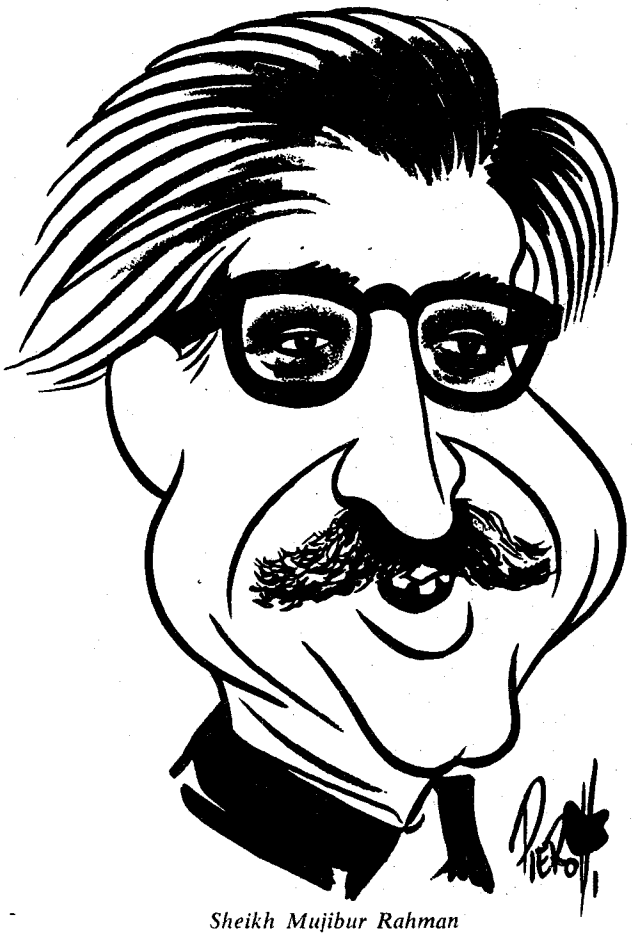

Sheikh Mujibur Rahman

and Bangladesh means "Bengal nation." Yet it remains separate from the Indian state of West Bengal by what are little more than arbitrary boundary lines, originally laid down on the map for the convenience of British administration. The two halves of Bengal are far more alike than they are different. The identification of Indian Bengalis with the cause of Bengali nationalism in East Pakistan was testimony to the essential oneness of Bengal, and "Bengal nation" makes no fine distinctions between Bengal east and west. West Bengal, too, is turbulently nationalistic and the mood there toward the central government in Delhi, almost as distant from and as seemingly insensitive to the feelings and needs of the region as were Pakistan's leaders to their former eastern wing, is strikingly akin to the mood of discontent and disaffection that led to the breakaway of Bangladesh. It is not hard to imagine that in time West Bengal could become for Prime Minister Gandhi what East Bengal became for President Yahya Khan, and that the Bengalis on the two sides of the international frontier could find completely common cause.

Meanwhile, however, Bangladesh faces problems as daunting as any on earth. The region is utterly luckless in its geography, economy, origins, culture and social makeup, and all these basic problems have been compounded by the campaign of suppression which marked its final months as part of Pakistan, and by the devastating war which brought its "freedom."

For there is no "freedom" from want or fear in Bangladesh. It is, first, an area of great and repeated natural catastrophe—the region where, in November 1970, 500,000 people died in one night when a cyclone struck the Ganges. Cyclones, even if not on that scale, and monsoon floods which take hundreds of lives, are annual occurrences. Bangladesh has flowing through its crowded and low-lying rice and jute lands one of the largest river systems in the world, the Ganges-Brahmaputra, which, along with the Padma, end in the morass marked on maps as mouths of the Ganges and which together carry a volume of water equivalent to nine Mississippis.

Yet the country is so desperately impoverished that hardly any work has been done to bring this massive flow under even minimal control. The country is so poor and so overcrowded that hunger annually brings thousands of families into the glorified sandbars of the Ganges estuary to till the land. Desperation forces them into these dangerous areas, where cyclones take their toll.

Such catastrophe, year in, year out, brings in its wake a miserable toll of debilitating and death-dealing disease. The people are chronically malnourished and, therefore, easy prey to all the scourges that poverty fosters: smallpox, typhoid, cholera, dysentery and the rest. These also account for thousands of deaths annually.

Basic to the entire problem of Bangladesh's struggle to survive is the barely tackled and perhaps insoluble problem of its mounting population. It is an area (55,000 square miles) about the size of Wisconsin, but despite all the depredations of recent months, of war and genocide and famine, the population is still 75 million and rising by nearly 3 million a year. The rate of increase is so fast now that by 1980, whatever disasters strike, the population will be well above 100 million, and soaring.

No country in the world faces so critical a population problem, and no demographer, doctor, population controller or any other kind of expert has found an answer, even in theory, to it. The immense population pressure has produced a density over the entire country as high as in an average Western city. Bangladesh has highly fertile land, but even so it cannot produce enough for its burgeoning population. There is no more cultivable land left to farm and even in a "good" year Bangladesh needs at least 1.5 million tons of imported food. The last year, however, could not have been worse: the crops were neglected or destroyed, some 10 million refugees, mostly destitute, are now flowing home from their sanctuary in India, and some 10 million more people have been displaced by the turmoil. This presents a mammoth emergency feeding operation, just as a start for the new government. Famine, ever haunting Bangladesh, now stares it in the face. The country requires 250,000 tons of imported food, mainly rice, this month and every month for the immediate future.

But that is not all. There is the bewildering task of mass rehabilitation, which would tax the most advanced nation. World Bank experts have put the initial cost at around $1 billion, and Bangladesh is "broke." Urgently needed supplies include vast quantities of cement, corrugated roofing, pharmaceuticals, fertilizer, salt, kerosene, pesticides: all basic necessities in this utterly neglected, Godforsaken land. But even if they can be obtained from a somewhat reluctantly generous world, the ports and railways of Bangladesh are in such shattered shape after

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the war that they can handle at most 15 per cent of what is urgently needed.

In the short term, there is a reasonable prospect that outside aid will keep Bangladesh going. India is not only morally obliged but also has vital reasons of self-interest to give Bangladesh food and other commodities, and is already pledged to supply goods worth $80 million. India will be the main source of help in reconstructing the railways over the next five years, and the Indian army has already achieved wonders in rebuilding many of the 300 major bridges destroyed during the fighting. Help is coming too from the United Nations and its agencies and from a number of countries, including Great Britain and the Soviet Union. But all this, while welcome and needed, hardly touches the basic problem of Bangladesh.

Even with outside aid, population is steadily outrunning food supply. (And it is well to remember that in the Bangladesh context food means the most basic form of once-daily calorie supply: such relative luxuries as nutritive balance do not even come into consideration, so low is the level of Bengali living standards.) It is therefore imperative to bring in new and higher-yielding varieties of seed, and to curb crop losses due to plant disease and pests, inadequate manuring and lack of agricultural skills. Such things are not difficult in theory. The problems are logistic—how to do enough in the time available, with a people to whom the concept of urgency is virtually unknown and whose basic approach to the woes of their situation is an implacable stoicism occasionally exorcised by insensate violence. And, while agriculture is the immediate issue, even greater strides must be made on the industrial front if Bangladesh is ever to begin to hold its own in the modern world. There is very little organized heavy industry except in jute production, the largest foreign-exchange earner—but overreliance on jute revenue threatens to be damaging, for jute is being rapidly replaced around the world by plastics and artificial fibers. Only the smallest beginnings have been made in other industries such as sugar, cement, fertilizers, paper production, steel and machine tools. Most of the industrial units in Bangladesh were owned by West Pakistanis who, seeing the writing on the wall over the past few years, mortgaged their factories and stocks to the hilt, transferred all the proceeds to their homeland and ran the concerns into bankruptcy.

Such are the hurdles which confront Sheikh Mujib and his fledgling cabinet. They would faze far abler and more experienced men, challenge far richer nations. While the economic viability of Bangladesh can, perhaps, be proved attainable—assuming an immense effort of a kind rarely seen in Southern Asia—its political viability is much more problematical. The alluvial soils of Bangladesh are splendidly fertile for rice and jute, but can they nurture as tender a plant as stable parliamentary democracy? If not, the region will almost certainly slither even deeper into misery and chaos.

The nation's political condition is that of a sickly child. There is, first, the law-and-order problem—already, organized massacres of the Bihari minority by vengeful Bengalis, who suffered at their hands under the old regime, threaten to spread into anarchy. Thousands of guerrillas still cling to their arms, despite repeated appeals to hand them in from the government to which they have allegedly sworn allegiance. A greenhorn government must, somehow, bring back to even keel a nation whose intellectuals were systematically massacred by the Yahya Khan dictatorship.

It is not surprising that a certain pensiveness tempered the outwardly delirious welcome which greeted Sheikh Mujibur Rahman on his return from months of martyrdom in a Pakistani jail. He received the adulation due a hero and a martyr, but there is no reason to suppose that there is any logic to it. Sheikh Mujib has undeniable gifts of leadership, but they are primarily those of oratory and sloganizing, and they could all too easily prove inadequate, once the early euphoria wears off and the obstinate old problems encourage despondency. At best, and even if the world rallies round and gives continuing and massive aid, there seems only scant reason to expect that the future holds any more promise than did the nightmare past of what Sheikh Mujib has called the "land of my dreams." Bangladesh seems destined to remain torn and devastated, if not by man then certainly by an untameable nature, destined to be rent by violent political schism between moderates and left wingers armed to the teeth, destined to be pathetically dependent on India or some other patron, a nation inescapably hobbled by its wretched, basic problems, its appalling geography and inheritance.

Bangladesh is cursed even by the nature of its people, whose characteristic qualities of supine acceptance combined with temperamental volatility could hardly be more lethal. Sheikh Mujibur Rahman became the Bengalis' leader and hero on a sudden surge of enthusiasm, in which emotions engendered by the November cyclone played a major part. Today, those brief enthusiasms have become something else—an angry, bitter chauvinism born of brutal Pakistani oppression, but also of disillusion with the leadership of Mujib's party, the Awami League. The League is essentially a moderate, socialistic, "bourgeois" party, but this is more and more regarded as inadequate—worse, counterrevolutionary—by the growing and increasingly impatient leftists and Maoists who formed the core of the guerrilla movement that brought Bangladesh its independence and who have found in practice what truth there is in Mao's dictum that power comes from the barrel of a gun. To them, the Awami League seems a moribund irrelevance in a situation so charged with potential so changed from a year ago.

If Bangladesh is to survive, let alone develop, as an intact nation, the cooperation of these elements is essential. So far, they have shown ominous reluctance to settle down. After all the bitterness and fratricide of the past year, it will not be easy for the people of Bangladesh to learn to live and let live, and work together. These are people who watched in glee as alleged collaborators were publicly bayonetted to death in central Dacca on the day after the war. Bangladesh, more than most places prone to vicious bouts of bloodletting and chronic communal vendettas, can afford less than any other nation on earth to continue to indulge such passions. Much will depend on Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's success in establishing his authority. Otherwise, Bangladesh could too easily descend into anarchy and become a permanent international trouble spot. □

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NIXON'S FIREPOWER

A LEVEL OF TOTAL BARBARISM

GABRIEL KOLKO

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No facts regarding Nixon's strategy in Indochina are as irrefutable as those dealing with America's present and future expenditure of munitions and money. From its inception, as one official account has phrased it, "The unparalleled, lavish use of firepower as a substitute for manpower is an outstanding characteristic of U.S. military tactics in the Vietnamese War." Given this devastating reality, and often superfluous function of many of the American soldiers who were in Vietnam, the central issue is whether or not the United States terminates this use of firepower and withdraws from Indochina and neighboring regions the quite small but qualitatively decisive number of personnel essential to waging a criminal war of this character. For the people of Indochina, subjected to deliberate, technological destruction without precedent in history, no other criterion of withdrawal is comparable. And this issue of firepower, in turn, cannot be divorced from the political reasons for it—namely Washington's desire to sustain an American puppet regime, protected from the will and self-determination of the Vietnamese people by continued American warfare.

Even as the Nixon Administration evacuates the less technologically advanced ground and support troops, it maintains an incredibly high firepower, and it plans to continue doing so. From 1965 through 1971, the United States exploded approximately 13 million tons of ground and air munitions in Indochina, and 53 per cent of this assault occurred during the Nixon Administration. The peak years for munitions tonnages were 1968 (2.88 million tons) and 1969 (2.7 million tons), with 2.16 million tons in 1970. In 1971 the United States used about 1.7 million tons. The modest decline was made possible, according to Air Force Secretary Seamans, by the introduction of "smart bombs," guided by electronic devices, and by more effective targetting. On the whole, Nixon has sustained this capacity to inflict death and damage at a level of total barbarism. For 13 million tons is the equivalent of 650 Hiroshima bomb explosions, with eighty-five such explosions in 1971 alone.

The Nixon Administration plans the future of the war to be no different from what it was in the past, regardless of manpower reductions in Vietnam itself. During fiscal 1970 (which ran from July 1969 through June 1970), the U.S. Army and Air Force spent $2.701 billion for conventional munitions, but the following year this figure declined to $1.948 billion. In fiscal 1972, or through next June, munitions expenses leaped back up to $2.342 billion. And the fiscal 1973 budget request for munitions submitted last January is only a fifth lower than 1972. The war in Indochina accounts for the vast bulk of this expenditure, and the data for 1972-73 expose further the myth of U.S. withdrawal. For $2.3 billion will buy from 1.4 to 1.7 million tons of munitions, including the "smart bombs" that destroy more effectively with less weight. And to all this must be added U.S. Navy expenditures, for which we do not have exact data. However, the Seventh Fleet's Subic Bay munitions storage is estimated to contain bombs and shells worth about $320 million.

Expenses of this magnitude make it possible to state with certainty that the Nixon strategy is to continue to rain death upon Indochina in a war that has altered quantitatively regarding manpower but not qualitatively regarding firepower. These plans and expenditures were the logistical precondition of the vast escalation of the air war that began early in April, an event that could scarcely surprise those who had studied the Administration's own figures. Through next June, translating such data into more detailed terms, the largest single U.S. Army munitions cost will be for almost 17 million 105 mm. shells, or one for each person in South Vietnam. The Army has ordered 29 million 40 mm. cartridges, 4.4 million 155 mm. shells, 2.2 million 2.75-inch rockets, and the like. These explosives have been used in the past months, and they will be used throughout 1972 as part of a firepower war likely to equal last year's total.

Pentagon spending plans, the most reliable indicator of actual policy, reveal yet other indices to Nixon's strategy. The U.S. Air Force budget for its own noncombat operational, logistical and maintenance support of its Southeast Asian puppets—every function essential for their efforts to fight on Washington's behalf—is expressed in flying hours as well as monetary terms. In fiscal 1970 it flew 498,000 hours to sustain this phase of the air war, more the next year, and the figure will reach 1,032,000 hours in 1972. More important, by far, are the U.S. Air Force's orders to continue using the 7th Air Force and SAC B-52s through December 1972 and beyond. Such plans exist and have already been presented to Congress. They are irrefutable proof of Nixon's intentions.

His plans involve the 415 to 450 fixed-wing attack aircraft the United States now has in—or, primarily, around —Indochina. These planes are the most advanced and dangerous ever employed in the war (including forty-five B-52s), capable of dropping at least 3,000 tons of bombs a day—roughly more than 1 million tons annually. This central fact, and not the approximately 750 older, less formidable planes either handed over to Saigon or withdrawn, reveal Nixon's strategy. And as the addition of well over 200 planes to this armada during the first weeks of April indicated, the President is quite prepared to exceed even these numbers if that is necessary to stave off the military defeat of his Saigon dependents. Washington has indicated, time and again, that it will continue to use these planes in the air war, wherever and whenever it desires, and that it will not withdraw them. Rogers him-

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self again stated as much last December 23, as did Secretary Seamans on January 17. But informally, as one U.S. official told *The Wall Street Journal* last January, "Barring a successful Congressional assault on the use of air power, we will probably keep bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail throughout 1972 and 1973. After that, no one has any definite plans about anything."

All the World's a Strategy . . .

By far the best measure of what the Nixon Administration intends doing in Indochina would be the budget data it classifies "secret" because it well knows that their release would wholly unmask the baldly disingenuous and entirely fraudulent nature of its references to "withdrawal" or its alleged desire for peace. But we have adequate information from a close reading of official documents, as well as the approximate cost in the past of sustaining firepower at this level, to attain a sufficiently accurate estimate. The peak full cost of the war reached $28.8 billion in fiscal 1969. The First National City Bank's authoritative and informed experts estimate that the war's cost dropped by about $14 billion in fiscal 1972, or to almost $15 billion. And that immense sum is today buying an equally large war, a war fought primarily with American firepower employed by American men.

Nixon plans, therefore, to fight a war that must be described as capital and technologically intensive, using an immensely high firepower with a relatively small U.S. manpower indefinitely, or until he can impose his will militarily on Indochina and save a pro-American regime. But such a war, in essence, has been the basis of American strategy since 1965, and it has not staved off successive and increasingly serious military, political and economic defeats. The trap into which successive American administrations have locked themselves is that the very desire to sustain a highly fragile, demoralized Saigon government has demanded, in the last analysis, primary dependence on direct U.S. intervention. In turn, this undertaking has repeatedly produced the kinds of escalations of men or materiel, and now of new urban targets that we are today witnessing once again. The American war effort has revealed an unparalleled cruelty and inhumanity, but also the limits of its technology and its incapacity to inhibit determined revolutionary movements in modern times. "It is very clear," the Pentagon's research director admitted last June, "that we lost far more to their anti-aircraft and surface-to-air missiles than those systems cost them." For the signal lesson of the Indochinese war is that unrestrained brutality cannot produce victory in the ideological and political malaise that the Americans and their puppets have created. With its billions of dollars and millions of tons, the United States today is experiencing disaster on the fields of Indochina.

But so long as it persists in its profound folly, the Administration will strive to create the illusion that its reduction of manpower is a step toward peace, an illusion essential for Nixon's re-election in 1972. The policy of partial troop withdrawals will remain a deception until all personnel engaged in the war, whether stationed inside or outside South Vietnam, totally withdraw and cease every form of combat or support for combat by their dependent mercenaries. Until that time, U.S. troop reductions are merely a political and economic formula, designed to allow the qualitatively decisive U.S. personnel to continue an incredibly high level of destruction in Indochina.

We have now entered an election year, during which Nixon intends to make war even as he claims to desire peace; his January 25th statement will be followed by others like it. [See editorial, p. 578.] Indeed, given the American public's basic opposition to the war, if it is to continue fighting, Washington *must* continue talking in this manner. The Administration would like the war to cost sufficiently less to meet its other foreign policy and economic objectives, but at the same time preserve its political and economic power in Southeast Asia.

The main elements in the war will be a residual force of 25,000 to 60,000 American soldiers in South Vietnam, the continued and possibly expanded use of mercenaries and puppets of assorted types, and the employment of well over 100,000 of the most technologically advanced U.S. manpower against Indochina from bases and ships outside that area. Here follows a consideration of the function and nature of each of these three components.

If the U.S. "residual" force is some 40,000 men, about one-quarter of them would man and maintain approximately 500 helicopters, three tactical air squadrons of

. . . and Men and Women Are Merely People

roughly 4,000 men, four artillery battalions of 5,000 men, some several thousands of advisers attached to Saigon forces, and about half the men would be in logistics and combat units operating close to the remaining U.S. bases. Other combinations are possible, of course, but such a force, alone, could be wiped out in quite short order. It would suffer from morale and drug problems

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as well, and there can be no doubt that Washington sees such an army as performing other, perhaps more important, functions than fighting. Nixon has said that this force is intended to persuade the Vietnamese to negotiate over America's final withdrawal, presumably over prisoners or political issues, but the military pressure it alone can exert makes this patently impossible. Clearly it is intended to be part of a much larger military force, the top of a still frightfully destructive iceberg. Indeed, as Gen. Creighton Abrams and Nixon himself in his January 25th statement have implied, its function is to provide Washington with an excuse for committing its offshore military force to combat against all the nations of Indochina, ostensibly to protect the Americans left in South Vietnam. Alleged concern for their safety, therefore, will become Nixon's excuse for doing what he had planned to do anyway. And in conjunction with outside U.S. forces, such an army can provide military assistance to the Saigon army, even as it protects and maintains the Thieu or other American puppet regime. In this sense, therefore, U.S. manpower can also try to define the political destiny and character of South Vietnam, serving as the key extension of a much larger military structure in the area. U.S. officials have admitted to all these considerations over the past months. "He [Nixon] is also likely to use his power to prevent the North Vietnamese from upsetting his political plans," one of them commented last September. To impose on South Vietnam a regime to its own liking and interests is still Washington's intention.

Besides the puppet army, the U.S. plans to maintain and enlarge its mercenary armies in all of Indochina. In Laos, as the U.S. Ambassador admitted last July, the Thai mercenaries are "essential if the collapse can be avoided in Laos," an optimism that has since proved unwarranted. The quantity of such hired troops is classified, but they are entirely financed and paid for by the United States and under its operational command, and estimates of their numbers are as high as 30,000. U.S. law technically forbids the sending of mercenaries, so the Administration calls them "local forces" and has made it explicit that even Australians would qualify under this description if it could purchase their services.

In Cambodia, the Administration hopes to increase the 180,000-man Lon Nol army to 256,000 by mid-1973 and to more than 300,000, plus 200,000 in paramilitary units, by 1977—that would be almost half the adult males in Cambodia. If Congress refuses to pass adequate funds, reports indicate, the United States will use Thai mercenaries to buttress existing forces. In Vietnam itself, as has been irrefutably established by former Pentagon experts involved in the decision, the 40,000 to 50,000 South Koreans stationed there are purely a trade-off against 43,000 U.S. soldiers being retained in South Korea, despite the Pentagon's own detailed analysis that they serve no military purpose. Because these Koreans are immune from criticism in their own police state, Washington—which pays all their expenses, plus much more—expects them to be a relatively unnoticed and immune part of its "residual" forces. Their numbers must be added to any accounting of "residual" forces, just as the Americans in Korea must be counted as war-related troops. Indeed, for certain budgetary purposes that is how the Pentagon itself calculates them.

In addition to its remaining men in South Vietnam and its assorted paid mercenaries, the Administration plans to use the immense firepower of its forces surrounding Vietnam, and this element is already the heart of the air war. While precise numbers involved can go up or down, the principle upon which Washington has based its strategy—protracted direct U.S. military involvement to retain a regime friendly to it—has altered not at all. Nixon has consistently tried to make the most of the propaganda impact of his periodic withdrawal announcements, and in this election year he will intensify this effort. But troop withdrawals from South Vietnam are not the same thing as terminating the firepower and the war, and can never become so until *all* foreign groups leave Indochina and *all* attacks from outside and support of local mercenaries and puppets come to an end. For even if Nixon sets a date for total U.S. troop withdrawals from South Vietnam, he can still attempt to prosecute his war by sustaining the moribund military and economic structure of the Thieu regime, as well as by employing U.S. manpower and firepower from offshore. That is why the issues of troop withdrawals and U.S. combat from outside Vietnam and the future of the wholly U.S.-financed Thieu regime are integrated and cannot be divided if the war is to end.

At the peak of U.S. manpower in the war about 230,000 military personnel stationed in the surrounding region were involved in the many functions of the conflict. For political reasons, and because this phase of the war has not been adequately discussed, Nixon's reliance on this element has been heavy and will increase in relative importance. It is also the most technologically advanced military element in the war. Today, this vast army has several main components. The best known of these are the 32,000 U.S. military, mainly Air Force, with an operating cost of $424 million in fiscal 1971, stationed in Thailand; and the 13,000 men of the Seventh Fleet off Vietnam's coast (whose operating cost was $282 million in 1971). This fleet consists of three aircraft carriers —two of which are in the Tonkin Gulf—twenty-five destroyers and sixty-seven other vessels. To these men must be added the less well-known but very important 18,400 U.S. men in the Philippines, mainly at Subic Bay and Clark Air Force base. Subic is the home port of the Seventh Fleet and its munitions depot; it services the fleet off Vietnam in innumerable ways. At Clark, a vast aircraft maintenance structure repairs and helps the airpower used against Indochina; it is an essential reserve base in the war. The Philippines operating costs in 1971

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were $264 million. In addition to these 63,400 men and nearly a billion dollars there are 10,000 men on Guam, who send the B-52s over Indochina, as well as the 50,000 in the Hawaii installations at Camp Smith, Hickham, Fort Shafter and Kunia, which have become the main war intelligence headquarters and assumed other vital war functions. As Nixon has "withdrawn" men from Vietnam, he has merely moved their assignments in the war to these relatively less well-known places. Many personnel and war-related tasks are also undertaken by the 45,000 U.S. men in Okinawa (costing $504 million in 1971), which includes a SAC base and is also a reserve for the war, with fresh units moving from there directly to the war zones. And to these, finally, must be added an unknown number of men in logistics and command functions in California and Washington.

These war-related men alone, therefore, number approximately 108,000 today, and the number of nonwar troops on Okinawa is probably more than balanced by those in Guam, Hawaii, California and Washington. If we add to them the 43,000 in South Korea now acknowledged to be a mere trade-off for the Koreans in Vietnam, about 151,000 U.S. personnel are engaged in the war from outside Vietnam and must be included with those still left behind. Only in this manner can one comprehend how Nixon plans to drop his millions of tons of bombs and shells. It is this larger theatre of war activity that is increasing in importance, and about which Nixon seeks to say nothing. For he plans no withdrawals from the Seventh Fleet and these other units, which permit him to employ immense firepower during his periodic escalations. "We may not be down to a low profile in Indochina yet," a U.S. military spokesman admitted last December, "but we sure have got down to low visibility. . . ." Nixon's strategy of encirclement and aggression against Indochina from within and without has made this obscurity possible. Yet by midyear there will be approximately 220,000 U.S. men involved in attacking Indochina with a titanic firepower.

As Nixon busies himself over the coming months with television diplomacy and decoy formulas intended to make it appear that he is reducing the war in Vietnam before the election, the task of Americans who detest his tactics will be to make evident that his words are no more than a bid for another four years in the White House. The war in Indochina, both militarily and diplomatically, has become more complex in this context, but its essential nature has not altered, despite Washington's desire to gloss over its present actions and future plans to fight on indefinitely. Its designs are revealed by what it does today and what it intends doing tomorrow, and about these two central matters there is no doubt—the U.S. Government plans to protract the war as long as it can stave off military, economic and political defeat in Indochina. On this basis, it can be said that Nixon has chosen a military solution to the war that can only end in the military defeat of the United States—a defeat now unfolding throughout Indochina. Such a course will greatly prolong the suffering and sacrifices of the Indochinese people, but it cannot lead to an outcome that the United States can accept more easily next fall, or next year, than the solution available to it today. The Nixon Administration must withdraw all U.S. troops from South Vietnam, stop its aid in all forms to the Thieu regime and its other mercenaries who are being paid to continue the war at America's behest, and cease all combat against Indochina from bases and ships outside it. And it must leave Indochina to the self-determination of its own peoples immediately, and irrevocably, by accepting the Provisional Revolutionary Government's 7-Point Plan—a just solution that will allow the U.S. Government to end the war with more honor and less humiliation than it deserves after two decades of inflicting torture on Indochina. □

Free Enterprise of a 'Free' Press

1. Newspapers in Chains

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In a recent survey of the state of competition among daily newspapers, *Editor & Publisher* found three American cities with competing morning newspapers (New York, Boston and Chicago) and six cities with competing evening newspapers (Chicago, Washington, D.C., Baltimore, Philadelphia, Fort Worth and San Antonio). Competing evening papers were also noted in a handful of small towns —Murray, Ky., Crowley, La., Morristown, Tenn. and Mt. Pleasant, Tex., and of competing morning papers in Fremont, Calif. Different ownerships publish a morning newspaper and an evening newspaper in forty-four other cities, but in twenty of these the papers have a joint operating agreement.

Chicago is the biggest newspaper town in the country, with two morning and two evening papers, but they have only two owners—Field Enterprises and the Tribune Company. Only in Boston, Washington and New York do three separate companies publish papers; in other cities having three papers, one company publishes both a morning and an evening paper. Morning and evening papers are published by the same company in some medium-sized cities, while others are served by an "all day" newspaper. Most American communities, however, have one paper today, and it is an evening paper—the P.M. field is apparently the most profitable.

The *Editor & Publisher* survey was clear but was not

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candid. It put on the line one important aspect of the newspaper situation in America: competition no longer exists. But it did not even suggest that the process of consolidation is continuing with the growth of chain ownership.

"At the present rate of expansion," says Sen. Thomas J. McIntyre (D., N.H.), "all of the daily newspapers—I said *all* of them—will be owned by chains in less than twenty years." Chains already control 871, or 49.3 per cent, of the dailies in the country, with 61.8 per cent of total circulation. Chains operate nineteen of the twenty-five largest dailies. In the seven years between 1960 and 1967, chain-owned dailies increased by 56 per cent.

The 1970 Newspaper Preservation Act permits publishers to engage in price fixing, profit pooling and market sharing, through joint operating agreements that are otherwise prohibited by antitrust laws. The Act's passage was supported by the big chains, Newhouse, Scripps-Howard, Hearst. It will enable two papers to dominate a market. It will aid profits. It will speed up the trend to chain control of the newspaper business. It will not save independent editorial voices.

There are more than 150 newspaper chains in the United States today, major and minor, statewide, multi-state and national. Statewide chains publish small-town and small-city dailies. Harte-Hanks Newspapers, for example, operates fourteen dailies in Texas; Booth Newspapers, eight dailies in Michigan; McCracken Newspapers, six dailies in Wyoming; Galvin Newspapers, five dailies in Ohio; Robert Chandler Newspapers, three dailies in Oregon. Some states have more than one chain.

Multi-state chains range from regional enterprises such as Lee Newspapers, which publishes nine dailies in the Midwest, or the Walls Investment Co., which puts out eight dailies in the South, five of them jointly with Worrell Newspapers, to baronial combines such as Gannett Newspapers, which runs fifty-two dailies, the majority in New York and Florida; or Copley Newspapers and Southern California Associated Newspapers, a Copley subsidiary, nineteen dailies in Illinois and California; Scripps League Newspapers, formed by the widow of one of E. W. Scripps's sons, thirty-two dailies in the West and Northwest; Thomson Newspapers, twenty-nine dailies in the Northeast, South and Midwest; or the Donrey Media Group, twenty-four dailies in the South and West. The combines often publish influential papers in metropolitan areas.

At the top of the pyramid are the national chains, which put out papers with large circulations in principal cities. Newhouse publishes twenty-two; Scripps-Howard, sixteen; Hearst, eight; Dow Jones & Co., four regional editions of *The Wall Street Journal* and the nine dailies of the Ottaway group; Knight, eleven; Chicago Tribune Newspapers, eight; the New York Times Co., seven; Times Mirror Co., four. These chains have developed into powerful conglomerates. Newhouse, for example, also operates three AM and four FM radio stations, seven television stations, twenty magazines, a news service, and is a major producer of newsprint. Chicago Tribune Newspapers has radio and television interests in seven states. The New York Times Co. owns three book publishers, women's, sport and medical magazines, teaching materials and microfilming corporations, an AM and FM radio station, and a television station. (Already 25 per cent of the television stations are newspaper-owned, and in the twenty-five largest markets it is 35 per cent; the figures are even higher for VHF stations alone.)

One consideration—profit—holds the chains together at each level. Beyond that, chain control, or better yet, a monopoly situation, yields excess cash which is used to buy up other outlets. In 1967, Newhouse paid $53.4 million for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and recently, $20 million for the Sunday edition and physical assets of the Newark (N.J.) *Evening News*, rival of its morning paper, the *Star-Ledger*. The *Evening News*, owned by Media General Inc., of Richmond, Va., will continue to appear six evenings a week, printed on *Star-Ledger* presses. Alan S. Donnahoe, president of Media General, said that he expects the *Evening News*, which had been losing money, will "get back into the black within a reasonable length of time"; if it doesn't, he said, "we'll sell it."

In 1968, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* bought two television stations—KVOA-TV in Tuscon, Ariz., and KOAT-TV in Albuquerque, N.M.—for a combined price of $18 million. And the before-tax return on invested capital for the two dailies in Madison, Wis., now operating under a joint agreement, was 46 per cent! In 1970, Paddock Publications, Inc., an Illinois chain of ten dailies, bought the evening papers in three of the communities in which it had morning papers and shut them down, leaving their properties alone in the field.

Last November Gannett Newspapers acquired the six dailies of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Inc. group for 618,-918 shares of Gannett common stock worth $34 million. The papers were the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* and the Dickinson (N.D.) *Press*, and two morning and evening combinations, the Pacific *Daily News* and *Dateline*, on the island of Guam, and the Huntington (W. Va.) *Herald-Dispatch* and *Advertiser*. In January, Gannett bought the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner* for $14.1 million.

Thus, newspaper publishers exercise business acumen, and the consolidation of the industry proceeds. The concept of a free press is going to have a difficult time surviving this kind of growth, its preoccupation with entrepreneurship, and the astronomical rise in publishing costs that has accompanied it. In 1835, when James Gordon Bennett launched the New York *Herald* with $500, anybody could start a newspaper. Today, it would take perhaps $10 million to establish a major new daily. Costs went up as technology advanced, and although cold-type and offset printing may be cheaper than hot metal and the rotary press, they are still out of reach. A big high-speed web offset press costs $1 million. Equally prohibitive are labor rates—Newspaper Guild contracts are hitting $400 a week for a reporter—and real estate. The chain publisher explicitly asserts his dominance these days by building an air-conditioned, automated plant and installing a lot of computerized equipment, phototypesetters, video display terminals, optical character readers, plastic plate systems. Chain publishers have a talent for economics. They offer papers heavy with advertising, features, entertainment and columnists. They economize on the news budget, standardizing and limiting coverage, using mostly

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wire-service copy. They do not ask questions and keep asking them until they get answers, but demand and are voted antitrust exemptions.

Never mind that other industries which have been granted such immunity—for example, transportation and insurance—have in time been subjected to detailed government regulation. Freedom of the press? The chains cannot accommodate it. Their approach to the news and portrayal of events is intended to sustain the prosperity of their enterprises. The availability of other approaches would challenge their position. And people might stop buying it. Consequently, competition must be made impossible. □

2. The Profits of Fusion

ROBERT L. BISHOP

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Every government extols the virtues of a free, competitive press as the best guarantee of truth and good government. Vice President Spiro Agnew has been talking as though the one-horse daily newspaper were the ultimate goal of this Administration. But for at least the last forty years our tax system has demanded consolidations, chains, media empires—the elimination of small business, including the small daily newspaper. High income tax rates, coupled with extremely low capital gains rates, overgenerous depreciation schedules, free reinvestment of capital gains, and corporate retention of surplus profits have been more than enough to drive the independent into the tax-sheltering arms of the chains.

Let's take a not entirely hypothetical case of the *Daily Trumpet,* and see how these factors work. The editor-publisher inherited the paper from his father. Its capital assets are worth around $10 million, but its profits of $1 million after corporate taxes make it worth $20 million to $25 million. If the paper has no debts and buys no new equipment, almost all of the profit, under a single ownership, will go for individual income taxes. (Partnerships or closely held stock would reduce the tax bill somewhat, by spreading the ownership.)

No right-thinking American would pay higher taxes than he is required to, and so this successful publisher begins to explore alternatives. First, he makes maximum use of business expense deductions. After writing off business trips to Las Vegas and Florida and claiming his hunting lodge as a deduction, the most obvious gambit is to increase his allowance for depreciation of capital assets.

About this time, the publisher's accountant will point out that capital gains (the increase in price for a tangible asset between the time you acquire it and the time you sell it) are taxed at one-half the individual's usual rate, and at a maximum of 25 per cent. Thus the capital gains rule (and the investment credit) encourages owners to plow current income back into the business. Improvements cannot be faulted, except for gimmicks like switching to Top 40 programming or running more comics and less news, but there is no financial point to many of them unless the paper or broadcasting station is sold.

Another related IRS rule that is especially pernicious allows earnings to be kept in the business for expansion purposes, i.e., buying more stations and/or newspapers. Thus the publisher has a powerful incentive to let the corporation accumulate the money on which he would have to pay heavy personal taxes.

Eventually, when he has made all the improvements his paper will stand, even the most devoted advocate of independent news operations has to consider buying another property. Since he is bidding with almost tax-free dollars, he can and will pay more than the next property is really worth. It is quite conceivable that our hypothetical publisher will accumulate $500,000 or more a year. He can wait until he can pay cash for a business—a surprising number do—or he can introduce leverage to reduce his taxes and increase his profits.

Leverage is borrowing power. If you can borrow money at 6 or 7 per cent to buy a property which makes 12 per cent, you have leverage. And if your down payment of $5 million can thus control a $25 million property that will probably be worth $30 million in four or five years, you have found Archimedes' vantage point.

If the publisher were to buy the *Star,* another paper with profits like his own *Trumpet,* he may pay $25 million. An annual return of $1 million after corporate taxes would be only 4 per cent, much less than one could get in tax-exempt bonds. If, however, he borrowed $20 million at 7 per cent over twenty-five years, the fact that interest is tax-deductible means he would have $500,000 in corporate income from the *Star* and would pay off $100,000 of the mortage in one year, disregarding depreciation and any inflation in the value of the property. After the *Star* paid its taxes, the owner would be about $300,000 to the good, and could count on seeing the total value of his property grow by 4 per cent or more just because of inflation.

Actually, by using even modest depreciation schedules, the *Star* should be excused from any taxes and thus be $900,000 ahead. There is no new machinery, only a new owner who can start a depreciation schedule on the old plant all over again. This raises the return on equity to 18 per cent and, in fact, the depreciation allowance from the *Star* should cover half a million dollars or so of income from the *Trumpet.*

This example of how depreciation allowances can multiply actual returns is another indication of why broadcasting stations change hands so rapidly. Both newspapers and broadcasters can write off equipment at a very fast pace. But if the owner chooses one of the accelerated rates, he must sell or exchange the property within a few years to get a brand new depreciation base for tax purposes.

Let us say that the *Trumpet* publisher next buys WIND-TV for $5 million and sets up an accelerated deprecia-

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tion schedule of 150 per cent of the normal depreciation in the first year, 125 per cent the second, 100 per cent the third, and so forth. He may be able to write off $300,000 the first year, $250,000 the second, and $150,000, $100,000 and $50,000 in succeeding years. Obviously it pays him to trade WIND for WARP-TV by the third year. That way he begins depreciating a new station at accelerated rates and pays no immediate capital gains tax on any increase in price of the station because the profits are reinvested. (He might have to pay on some of the accelerated depreciation, but a creative accountant usually takes care of such problems.) This disease shows some signs of infecting newspaper owners as well, for the same tax laws are at work.

Concrete examples for these figures and processes are provided by the Gannett Company, Booth Newspapers, and Media General. (None of these companies may be taken as the hypothetical publisher, and I do not imply that they fall below the highest journalistic standards. They have been chosen because they represent modern management.)

Paul Miller of Gannett thinks that the time is ripe for horizontal integration of the news business, and the company's record indicates that he is right, at least financially. In recent years the company has acquired twenty-four newspapers and the price of its stock has gone up sixfold. In 1969 Gannett acquired three papers in Pensacola, Fla. for $2 million in cash and $13.5 million in fifteen-year installment notes with an average interest rate of 6.9 per cent. (The installment sale is another tax advantage to the seller. It allows him to spread his tax burden over several years, perhaps at lower rates.)

In 1970 the company bought the Melbourne, Fla. *Times* and the Times Herald Company of Michigan, which owned two dailies, two weeklies and an industrial printing plant. It paid $5.88 million, one-fourth in cash and the balance over four years at 7 per cent interest. So far in 1971 Gannett has acquired sixteen papers and a minority interest in another through stock transactions, which under many conditions will be held tax-free as far as the seller is concerned. Another, the *News-Press* of Ft. Myers, Fla., was being acquired for $14.6 million in cash and notes. During the same time Gannett sold two weekly newspapers, three radio, and one television station, all of which reported losses. In January Gannett bought the Nashville *Banner* and half interest in a printing plant for $14,105,000, payable over three years.

While the book value of Gannett stock has fluctuated around $5 per share for several years, the stock itself has gone from a low of 13⅞ in 1967 to a 1972 high of 78. It is in danger of becoming a performance stock, which needs an increasing number of acquisitions to maintain its track record. In 1970, the company earned $29.89 milion on revenues of $157.45 million. It claimed $4.17 million in depreciation and paid $12.4 million in income taxes for a net operating income of $11.45 million. It owed $35.99 million in long-term debt.

Gannett's operating income as a percentage of total revenue has been getting better all the time. In 1962, it was a very respectable 14.7 per cent, and now is 19 per cent. One of the best regarded newspaper stocks on the Big Board, it often commands a price of twenty-five times its annual earnings.

The well-managed Booth Newspapers, Inc., of Michigan owns eight dailies. The company has no long-term debt, and by 1970 had $45,989,518 in earnings which had been retained by the corporation. In a diversification move, Booth bought control of WTWO-TV of Terre Haute, Ind., for $5 million in cash in February 1971. Booth recently switched to an accelerated depreciation schedule, writing off $2.7 million in 1970.

A company which has successfully swapped current income for capital gains is Media General, Inc. In 1965 the company consisted of Richmond Newspapers, with two dailies and a radio station in Richmond, Va. Annual revenues were about $18 million. In five years the company has grown to include seven daily and four Sunday newspapers, one TV and two radio stations, a CATV system, a commercial printer, a book publisher, a paper plant and a mapping service. Annual revenues topped $127 million in 1970. A new financial daily was launched in 1971, but had to be reduced to a weekly. Media General sold its Sunday paper to the Newhouse chain and contracted to have its Newark *Evening News* printed by Newhouse after a costly strike in 1971.

Growth came from assuming long-term debts of around $37.8-million, equal to about 63 per cent of stockholders' equity. Net income is only $6.3-million—roughly the same as the Booth Newspapers which have less than half the revenue—but the stockholders' equity grew almost 18 per cent last year alone. Booth's stockholders had a combined income and equity growth of about 18 per cent of equity, after corporate taxes. Media General's figures are closer to 28 per cent.

To sum up our hypothetical transactions, the *Trumpet* publisher had an income of $1 million after corporate taxes when he owned the single property. When he bought the *Star,* his income may well have reached $1.75 million, plus $100,000 increase in equity due to paying off the mortgage, and another $2 million annual increase due to inflation for the combined papers. All of the additional money came from a $5 million investment and a $20 million mortgage.

WIND-TV, even if bought for cash, may show an income of $200,000 and depreciation of $300,000. This would add another $50,000 to corporate income by offsetting the *Trumpet*'s lack of depreciation. So our publisher has more than doubled his real income, mainly by investing retained earnings in highly leveraged properties with rich possibilities for depreciation.

If he follows this schedule for three years or so, his stock should be worth about $50 million—double what it was before he learned what politicians and tax accountants really mean when they talk about a free press!

Nothing can be done about these inexorable moves toward chain ownership and short-term, absentee ownership, without changing the tax laws and their interpretation. Stricter regulation of retained earnings, immediate taxation of capital gains before they are reinvested, and a much tougher attitude toward allowing depreciation on property which is really appreciating in value would at least take off the financial pressure to marry for money. Until then, Gretna was never greener. □

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OREGON PRIMARY

THE DISENCHANTED SUBURBIA

RALPH FRIEDMAN
Mr. Friedman is The Nation*'s correspondent in Oregon.*

Portland

In the spring of 1968, Sen. Robert Kennedy, locked in a struggle for votes with Sen. Eugene McCarthy in the Oregon primary, traveled a few miles out of Portland to address the workers of Tektronix, Inc., an internationally famous manufacturer of oscilloscopes.

Someone had given Kennedy the wrong clues. The employees did not rise to his impassioned attack upon poverty, hunger, the ghettos and the decay of the cities. They listened politely, applauded mildly and returned to their jobs as Kennedy left the plant, shaking his head and declaring that these were the strangest workers he had ever met. One of his aides remarked that Oregon didn't have a proletariat and another added that Oregon was one big suburb.

Wherever Kennedy was that night, many of the men and women he had addressed at Tektronix were at home in the suburbs. Several engineers I know returned home only long enough to eat; after that, they hurried out to campaign for McCarthy, and on weekends they propagandized their suburbs door to door. On primary election day, a significant portion of them voted for Eugene McCarthy, because he had zeroed in on the war more sharply than had Kennedy, and because he was more closely associated in the public mind—especially the educated, technician mind—with a demand for ending the war.

In the months following the election, Tektronix expanded its work force, but then came a reduction in sales, followed by mass layoffs. Today, despite talk of rehiring, there are fewer employees at the plant Kennedy addressed than there were in 1968, and some of the people who haven't been recalled are those for whom the war was the big issue in 1968 and McCarthy was the man most responsive to the issue. (And those who have kept their jobs work in the shadow of Seattle, where suburbanite engineers, technicians and craftsmen, laid off their cushy jobs at Boeing, are now lining up for surplus food.)

Except to the long persisting peace forces and peace recruits from the young, the war until recently has not provided an urgent call to political action. Economics is the heart of the 1972 primary—and may well swing the November election. Unemployment, business closures, poverty, hunger, bankruptcies, mounting relief rolls, soaring taxes—these are the key issues of today. In 1972 America has returned to pork chop politics. On the surface, the issues appear more sophisticated than they did in the past, and they take in larger territory—for example, medical care and delivery are now being discussed as high-priority items—but, in essence, what is of greatest concern to most voters is to survive economic forces which threaten to overwhelm them, the middle class as well as the working class and those whose existence depends upon Social Security or welfare. The economic pinch has come to suburbia and my Tektronix friends who campaigned for McCarthy in 1968 because of his stinging opposition to the war are now wondering which candidate they can trust to stanch the nation's economic wounds.

In Oregon economic problems are practically free of ethnic complications. There are probably more blacks crowded into a 3-block section of Harlem than there are in all Oregon (Portland is the only city with a black community, and that is the smallest black community of any major city on the Pacific Coast). In recent years there has been an influx of Mexican-Americans (some of whom call themselves Chicanos and some of whom will spit in your eye if you call them that) in several small towns of the Willamette Valley. A few thousand Mexican-Americans live in eastern Oregon, along the Snake River, but so far they have not shown enough strength to influence elections in rural Malheur County and they have little effect upon the state. The Indian population is even smaller. Altogether, as a veteran state Senator said to me in February, the ethnic groups probably do not constitute more than 2 per cent—"if that much"—of the electorate "and they don't vote any different than their neighbors."

If you want to include Jews as an ethnic group, their numbers are not only unimpressive, but there is no such entity as a "Jewish district" or a "Jewish bloc." Jews live all over Portland (where about 90 per cent of the Jews are to be found) and, as an example, in this year's election they will be supporting candidates ranging from Gus Hall on the Left to "Scoop" Jackson and Richard Nixon on the Right. (I don't know of any Jew who is sympathetic to Wallace, but in maverick Oregon it is possible.)

Oregon, then, is a state composed in the main of white Christians, a state without a highly visible or mass proletariat, without working-class sections, and where it is as common for a carpenter or telephone lineman to own a color TV and a boat and camper as it is for a doctor or lawyer or store manager to enjoy these symbols of relative affluence.

Under such conditions, Oregon is an economic microcosm of what ails middle-road America. Unemployment mounts as high schools and colleges disgorge their graduates; prices soar; public services deteriorate; poverty broadens and deepens; crime keeps climbing. In retaliation, voters almost automatically turn down county, municipal and state bonds. Some school districts have had to go to the voters four times, paring their needs each time after the first, before winning approval of levies. In Portland, the school term will be shortened by almost a month this year because voters rejected a bond issue; if it is beaten again, in late May, Portland schools will suffer even more next year.

As of March 21, 6.7 per cent of Oregon's available labor force was unemployed. That includes persons who are on unemployment compensation, who no longer have benefits available, or who never had benefits available. It does not include the thousands of persons, particularly

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married women with working husbands, who have dropped out of the labor market because they have lost all hope of finding a job.

Unemployment is much higher in various parts of Oregon than the overall 6.7 per cent state figure. For instance, as of March 31, insured unemployment (which is less than total unemployment) was more than 12 per cent in La Grande and Milton-Freewater; more than 11 per cent in Lakeview, Baker, Grants Pass and Hood River; 10 per cent in The Dalles; more than 9 per cent in McMinnville and Bend; and more than 8 per cent in Astoria, Coos Bay and Lebanon.

These cities stretch from the coast (Astoria is the state's leading fishing port and Coos Bay is the nation's largest lumber-exporting port) to south-central Oregon (the cattle town of Lakeview) and northeastern Oregon (Baker, where the closing of a lumber company has had a severe effect upon the city's economy).

It is true that insured unemployment for the state for March 31 was down to 5.7 per cent from the 6.9 per cent of March 31, 1971, and that in the hard-hit areas, there has been some statistical relief. But overall unemployment, even excluding those who dropped out of the labor market, is as high as last year—and for the poor the situation is becoming more desperate each month.

In December 1970, the *Oregon Journal* of Portland ran a series of articles on the city's needy and then conducted a campaign for donations. A year later, the articles and the campaign were repeated. In 1971 the relief agencies involved said that the situation was more critical than it had been in 1970. I did my own investigating and was told again and again that thousands of people in Portland desperately needed food, fuel, clothing, medicine and halfway decent housing. One theme was repeated so often that I came to anticipate it: we can take care of the needy this Christmas, but how are they going to live until next December?

At the state convention of the Democratic Party, held in Klamath Falls early in April, Kay Pankratz, free-lance writer and secretary of the Multnomah County Democratic Party, at my request interviewed twenty-five delegates at random. The delegates came from all parts of the state and their occupations ranged from waitress and warehouseman to rancher and mill owner. The persons interviewed were divided in their Presidential preferences—the leader, McGovern, received only eight of their votes—but twenty of the twenty-five underscored the key issues of 1972 as economic on the home front. Only a few mentioned the war.

Rep. Patsy Mink, a vibrant Presidential candidate in the Democratic primary, was accorded tremendous applause at the convention when she declared: "Let this Democratic Party today challenge America by a Declaration of Four Obligations. First, free education for all; second, free hospitalization for all; third, free justice for all; and fourth, free assistance for all, so that when help is needed, help can be found."

Oregon is a state of economic frustration in search of a believable candidate. The problems of the elders are felt by their children, who are voting for the first time. Or, to be more specific, are for the first time eligible to register and vote. No count has been kept of the persons under 21 who have registered, but it doesn't appear that the number—especially of the much-touted 18-year-olds—will be of critical significance. The only available figures show that voter registration for the special election (a tax measure) of January 18, 1972 was 59,000 more than voter registration for the general election of November 5, 1968 (1,030,367 to 971,851). In two strong college counties, Lane and Benton, registration for 1972 was up, on a combined total, from 116,000 to 134,000—an appreciable but not a staggering increase. The Supreme Court decision requiring only thirty-day residency to vote may add a few more thousand college students to the rolls, but this accretion is also not likely to tilt the scales decisively. (No candidate I know is counting on the new youth vote to insure victory.)

According to George Ball, Assistant Secretary of State, about 40 per cent of the new voters are registering Democrat, 40 per cent are registering Independent, and 20 per cent are registering Republican. Some of the Independents are young people involved with parties on the Left, particularly Communist and Socialist Workers. It is my belief, from teaching at the college level and from discussions with peace, civil rights and labor activists, that a striking aspect of the 1972 election will be the resurgence of parties on the Left. That will be particularly so if neither McGovern nor Muskie is nominated. Traveling around the state, I have met scores of persons, including small farmers, who say that any Democratic candidate to the right of McGovern or Muskie will be unacceptable to them and that, as an alternative they will "vote radical."

The registration figures do not disclose the large number

Pierotti

"I Have Plans Too"

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of persons who have not registered to vote and have no intention of doing so, because they have lost faith in political parties and politicians. I remember a conversation at a table in the cafeteria on the main campus of Portland Community College, where I taught last term. "Whoever wins, it won't change a thing," said a 19-year-old lad. His five friends agreed. After I had spoken, urging them to become involved, the young people frowned or shrugged or looked pained. An 18-year-old freshman asked wearily: "Who can you trust?"

Still, more than a million voters are registered and about 60 per cent of them are expected to go to the polls on May 23, when Oregon holds its Presidential primary. Most of the Democrats, judging by all reports, including my own interviewing of hundreds of persons, haven't really decided whom they will support. But one thing is certain: the fever of spring 1968 isn't here.

All through April and up until primary day in 1968 you could feel political electricity in the air. McCarthy youth poured in from every direction. In my neighborhood, an old store had been turned into a campaign center and was filled with people all day and at least until midnight. Saturdays and Sundays, everyone, from kids of 12 to grayhairs in their 70s, labored with zest. McCarthy received about 60 per cent of the vote in my district, a tribute as much to the industry of the rank and file as to the candidate. I met about fifty people I had not previously known. Since then I have seen only six or seven of them. About five are going to vote for McGovern, but none of them is going to put out the energy of 1968. All of them say: "McGovern won't get the nomination any more than McCarthy did. You know that."

That's what's going on in the suburbia that is Oregon in the spring of 1972. The hope for real change, for turning things around, is no longer to be felt. The voters are becalmed, waiting for a shift in winds and not knowing which way the winds flow.

The indecision and confusion is reflected by the Democratic Party leadership, which is either fragmented in its advocacy of candidates or sitting out the primary. Having said that, it is pertinent to note that, as visiting journalists always discover with surprise, Oregonians are an independent lot. There is no viable party machinery here, no organization in close touch with the electorate. "The only votes I can deliver," said a state Senator who has permitted the myth of power to develop around him, "are my wife's and mine—and sometimes my wife doesn't vote the way I do."

In other states, it may be germane to discuss the role and influence of the press; in Oregon it is futile. Portlanders in general have contempt for the two dailies, *The Oregonian* and the *Oregon Journal,* both part of the vapid, sterile Newhouse chain. Elsewhere in the state, some papers, particularly the Eugene *Register-Guard* and the Medford *Mail-Tribune,* have more credibility. But the Oregon voter generally pays as little heed to the press as he does to party leaders.

Oregon Democrats will be confronted at the polls with the names of eleven Presidential candidates: Chisholm (who is not campaigning in Oregon), Humphrey, Jackson, Kennedy, Lindsay, McCarthy, McGovern, Mills, Mink, Muskie and Wallace. This selection, with the exception of Mink, who made the ballot by a successful petition campaign, was determined by Republican Secretary of State Clay Myers, who alone decided which names to offer the voters. Kennedy specifically requested that his name not be entered and a suit to remove it from the ballot has been filed by former Rep. Charles Porter, a McGovern supporter. Lindsay has announced his withdrawal, so his name may also be removed. So may that of Wilbur Mills, though it is less likely.

Nobody in Oregon is writing off the appeal of George Wallace. In a state where bussing is not a political issue (though students are bussed all over the place, some as much as 100 miles a day), Wallace is gaining ground because of his Populist approach to workers, pensioners and small farmers. It may seem odd to some people that more than a few workers in Oregon (construction, lumber, longshore, metals) wear buttons supporting the candidates of both Wayne Morse and George Wallace. The intellectuals know that former Senator Morse and George Wallace are miles apart in their thinking, but to the harassed, tax-burdened working stiff, who feels himself betrayed by government and suckered by "the bosses," Morse and Wallace are of the same cut: straight-talking, hard-fighting guys who care for the little man.

As elsewhere, the Populist tongue finds many willing ears in Oregon. Patsy Mink received loud and sustained applause at the state Democratic convention when she proclaimed: "We can demand an accounting by our wealthy industrial barons and the lords of the defense industry, so that their fair share of the national tax burden is paid instead of cleverly looped by evasion. What right have they in the name of productivity or 'national defense' or executive privilege, to reap the harvest of opulence in our country while others go hungry? We can seek to provide for the human needs of our people first and then, second, for the needs of business and trade."

George McGovern has been sounding more Populist as he goes along and may undercut some of Wallace's appeal, but seasoned politicians down at the state capital are already giving Wallace about 10 per cent of the vote. There is also talk that some right wingers in the Republican Party are changing registration to vote for Wallace, but there is no solid evidence that their numbers are significant. The independent mood of Oregon is such that some Democrats are more conservative than some Republicans. (Examples: Senator Hatfield is more liberal than Robert Duncan, a hopeful challenger to Hatfield; and Gov. Tom McCall had a more liberal program than his last opponent, Democrat Robert Straub.)

Still, most of the Wallace vote will not represent an endorsement of conservative economic policies, U.S. involvement in Vietnam, segregation and, in general, the Nixon program, but a protest against the economic squeeze. Anyone who thinks that the Wallace vote in the Oregon primary is automatically the Nixon vote in November is bound to be surprised. Come November, the Wallace vote in Oregon will split, with the Democrats standing a good chance of getting from 50 to 70 per cent of it, depending upon candidate, program and approach.

Apart from Wallace and McGovern, the key Democratic primary contenders will be Humphrey and Jackson, now that Muskie has withdrawn. For a while, McCarthy led McGovern in the state polls, but many of the McCarthy

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activists, except for a steadfast band who remain hostile to McGovern for his alleged "betrayal in 1968," have switched to McGovern, as have the key Lindsay forces and some McCloskey people, who are changing registration. If McGovern had not made such an excellent showing in Wisconsin, the vote for Mink might be front-page news. Hundreds of intelligent, energetic, articulate women are campaigning for her, as are scores of men with the same attributes. But after Wisconsin, some Mink supporters began to have second thoughts and switched to McGovern. On election day, large sections of the Mink camp may turn to McGovern, not because they think less of Mink but because McGovern comes closest to her way of thinking and has much more of a chance—even granted a poor chance —than has Mink.

The national polls give Humphrey 33 per cent of Democratic voter preference. No one in Oregon would give Humphrey nearly that much in the state primary. Of the twenty-five delegates to the state convention interviewed by Kay Pankratz, not a single one was for Humphrey.

Humphrey and Jackson will be competing for the traditionally conservative vote. Of the vote that gave McCarthy the victory over Kennedy, some of it will go to Wallace, on the theory that he is following the anti-Establishment policies of McCarthy, and the rest to McGovern, whose candidacy is also drawing large numbers of 1968 Kennedy followers. Muskie's name will remain on the ballot but he will not, of course, campaign.

Jackson, from the neighboring state of Washington, may do better, from his new position, the "progressive Center," than he has up to now. But his victory in the Oregon primary would be a major surprise. Too many Oregonians think of him as the "Senator from Boeing," not a pretty phrase here, and too many accuse him of being responsible for the fact that the regional headquarters of many federal agencies have been transferred from Oregon to Washington. Furthermore, he is dull, and Oregonians, especially Democrats, have a Western flair for colorful characters. (McGovern is no dynamo but Jackson almost makes him look like one.) Finally, Jackson is having trouble at home: it is possible that McGovern delegates may win in two of Washington's six Congressional districts, and that information is drifting across the Columbia River.

The Republican front is quiet. Ashbrook will get a sprinkling of votes and so will McCloskey, although the latter has quit the race. Nixon has the GOP vote sewed up without spending a cent.

As time moves on toward May 23, the Presidential primary race will heat up but it may be overshadowed by the Senatorial primary. Three strong candidates are entered on the Democratic ticket: Wayne Morse, seeking a comeback after his defeat by Robert Packwood in 1968; former Rep. Robert Duncan, a vehement hawk who lost to Mark Hatfield in 1966 and two years later was edged by Morse in a brutal contest that cost Morse the race against Packwood in November; and state Sen. Don Willner, a mild and cautious consumer liberal.

Duncan entered the contest last, presumably expecting that Morse and Willner will split the liberal vote and give him the margin on the basis of his conservative following. It seems unlikely that Duncan would have sought the nomination if Willner had not filed.

Whoever wins in May will face the unenviable task of opposing Mark Hatfield in November. If Duncan wins, the choice will be easy for liberals: they will rally behind Hatfield as they did in 1966. If Willner wins they have some problems, but in the long run they will remember that Hatfield spoke out courageously against the war, risking his political career, at a time when Willner was silent. If Morse wins, they will be faced with an agonizing decision. Commentators elsewhere think Oregonians would be lucky to have such an option, but liberals here wish that Hatfield had decided to retire to a college presidency or that Morse had held off for another two years.

A few days ago I spent an evening with a friend who worked at Tektronix in 1968, was laid off in 1970 and who, after a few temporary jobs outside his field, is unemployed again. He was one of those who listened politely but without feeling to Robert Kennedy in 1968.

"Do you think that if Kennedy were still alive and made the same kind of talk now," I asked, "that he'd have greater impact among Tektronix's workers than he had four years ago?"

"I don't know how we'd respond to what he said about ghettos and the plight of the black people," he replied. "That's still far away in Oregon. But we'd be with him now when he talked of jobs and a healthy economy. We were engineers and technicians then. Now we know that we don't have any more security than loggers and grape pickers have. Yes, we'd listen now. Unemployment and more taxes and higher prices and all that have taken us out of our mental suburbia." □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 578)*

tors Gravel, Metcalf, Hughes, Bayh, Eagleton and Hart? Their support is the best proof available that he is the strongest leader in the cause of peace. He therefore offers the best chance for ending the war and for beginning the process of channeling our resources from war and aramaments to the rebuilding of our society. *Curtis P. Nettels*

technological grip

Crete, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Most critics of the excesses and failures of the technological enterprise seek correction by improving its operation through heightened rationalization and efficiency. Seymour Melman in "The Big Machine Breaks Down" [*The Nation*, Mar. 20] thus ascribes industrial deterioration and technological depletion and neglect to managerial incompetence, inefficiency, poor quality control, and above all, military domination of technological manpower and its siphoning off of research and development from the civilian market. . . .

This type of analysis neglects the underlying problems of technological civilization. Like complex transportation, communication and energy systems, this artificial society has begun to disintegrate because it is overextended, overcomplex and overcentralized. The machine is breaking down because technology is reaching restraining limits on technological capability and growth and because it can no longer provide solutions for many of the problems it has generated. . . .

Radical economic and political changes are required in society to pass from technological efficiency to the art of humane living. Managerial competence and efficiency strengthen the authoritarian grip of rulers over objects under a technological imperative that renders all human beings into objects. *Eugene S. Schwartz*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

More Stories and Literary Portraits, Please

MIDNIGHT OIL. *By V. S. Pritchett. Random House. 271 pp. $6.95.*

VIVIAN MERCIER
Mr. Mercier has received a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1972-73 to write a critical study of the work of Samuel Beckett. He teaches at the University of Colorado, Boulder.

Advice to would-be short-story writers: choose your father with care. If he is a drunk and/or a bankrupt and/or a religious maniac, you can use him in story after story, thinly disguised. Joyce did, Frank O'Connor did, V.S. Pritchett did. What's more, like Pritchett and O'Connor, you can write the first volume of your autobiography around him and your long-suffering mother. O'Connor's *An Only Child* is a masterpiece; Pritchett's *A Cab at the Door,* though widely admired, lacks O'Connor's intensity. Unlike the English, who make up cosy proverbs, the Irish may forgive but they never forget.

O'Connor did not live to finish *My Father's Son,* the second volume of his autobiography, but even if he had, it was bound to be an anticlimax, for he had included in *An Only Child* not only his boyhood struggles but the experience of civil war and internment that paradoxically liberated him from his family. More cannily, Pritchett ended *A Cab at the Door* where Joyce ended *A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man,* with the protagonist leaving his homeland for the first time en route for (where else?) Paris. Hence *Midnight Oil* begins with—and indeed largely consists of—Pritchett's liberation, his *Wanderjahre* in France, Ireland, Spain and North America, 1921-28. For about five of these years he was a correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*: readers of *A Cab at the Door* will recall that Pritchett's father converted him to Christian Science in adolescence.

Since Pritchett was a late bloomer, we find in this volume episodes that we might have expected in the earlier one, especially since Pritchett went to work at 15, though continuing to live at home: his first sexual experience and the loss of naive religious faith. But once these are over, along with marriage and the publication of a first book, the life of a typical writer settles down into the routine of "and then I wrote. . . ."

With Pritchett it wasn't in fact quite that simple. His wandering years made him a writer in the sense that he had material for travel books and short stories with exotic settings and for an autobiographical novel, *Clare Drummer,* "which evokes, with a novelist's necessary translation of fact into fiction, my private Irish experience." (Pritchett's first wife was Irish.) But the short stories in his first collection, *The Spanish Virgin,* are mostly poor stuff. The whole point of traveling, for most writers, is to enable them to rediscover their own country and their own childhood and youth. This Pritchett was unable to do until the 1930s (he was born in 1900). The first short story in which he found his true voice was the much anthologized "Sense of Humour." Its narrator belongs to the English lower middle class in which Pritchett grew up: "The world he lived in was one of the vulgar push and self-interest that was changing the nature of English society. In the next twenty years one would see that England was packed with people like him and his rootless friends."

Two changes in his life at this time helped Pritchett in his task of self-discovery: "If I began to write better it was for two reasons: in my thirties I had found my contemporaries and had fallen happily and deeply in love. . . . The mind of the restrained or sexually discontented man wanders off into shallows. My mind had been abroad too long, in a double sense: not simply in France, Ireland or Spain, but in a manner that had used only half of myself. Finding my English contemporaries, I found myself." These contemporaries, men too young to have fought in World War I, saw the inevitability of World War II. Pritchett had worked for the *New Statesman* since 1928, but it was after the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936 that he began fully to share the political outlook of his fellow contributors.

Then during World War II a new phase of his career began. As the younger men went off into the service, Pritchett found himself writing the *New Statesman* "Books in General" column nearly every week. "Since few new books were published, Kingsley Martin and Raymond Mortimer decided that the article must deal with a rereading of the classics." This is the aspect of Pritchett's work that I know best, having read the *Statesman* every week during the war years. He belongs to the man-of-letters tradition—always readable, always offering shrewd insights, but, as he readily admits, expounding no critical doctrine. The best qualities of his criticism spring from his knowledge of life and his experience as a creative writer. Hence *The Living Novel* and *The Working Novelist*—published together in one volume in the United States—are his best collections of critical essays.

Reading *Midnight Oil* made me realize how little of Pritchett's creative work I had read. Not only hadn't I read his novels, I didn't even know their names. There are five in all, including one about his father, *Mr. Beluncle.* Leaving these for another time, I started browsing among the half-dozen volumes of short stories, only to realize that I'd read mighty few of those either. Most of his best stories are in the "Sense of Humour" vein, observations of lower-middle-class characters whose lives are full of calculation though they often hanker after romance. A typical example is "Cage Birds" in his newest volume, *Blind Love.* A young married woman and her son pay their annual visit to her elder sister, who is a kept woman. (*Midnight Oil* tells us that Pritchett based it on a similar visit paid by his French landlady forty years before.) As the younger girl tries on a gold dress of her sister's, she realizes that she is the more beautiful woman of the two, a true piece of luxury goods. The sister will only give her the dress if she promises to wear it instead of selling it. However, her penny-pinching husband makes her sell it along with all the other castoff clothes her sister gives her.

In the novella, "Blind Love," Pritchett seems to have broken new ground. For once he has chosen a "strong" situation: the relationship between a rich man, whose wife divorced him when he went blind, and his secretary, whose husband rejected her when he found that she had a large, disfiguring birthmark across her breasts. Will she tell her blind lover about the mark or won't she? In the end she does, but not before he has already heard about it from a third party, a Christian Science healer based once again on Papa Pritchett. Anybody tempted to write off Pritchett as no more than an ingratiating hack ought to read

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"Blind Love" before making up his mind.

Toward the end of *Midnight Oil,* Pritchett gets back to his father; unsurprisingly, these are the best chapters in the book, which ends with Papa's death. A chronic bankrupt, the father astonishingly left no debts. "He left us all his egotism, as our mother left us her racing tongue." Earlier, Pritchett had at last come to realize that the great passion of his father's life was for his children. He restricted them and thwarted them at every turn only because he wanted them to owe everything to him. He himself, on the other hand, seemed ready to owe everything to anyone who would lend it. Pritchett says his father's epitaph should have been "Just a little more." This phrase would also make a fine title for a third volume of autobiography, but I hope Pritchett resists the temptation to write it. What we need from him now are more stories like "Blind Love" or even "Cage Birds" and —if I might make a suggestion—a volume of literary portraits. The glimpses given us in *Midnight Oil* of Yeats, Orwell and less-known figures like the Belfast novelist Forrest Reid suggest that Pritchett's storyteller's eye might well capture for posterity some of his contemporaries—Gerald Brenan, G. W. Stonier, Raymond Mortimer, for example—who may never otherwise receive their due. □

The Gadfly in Carpet Slippers

CITIZEN NADER. *By Charles McCarry. Saturday Review Press. 335 pp. $7.95.*

NADER: The People's Lawyer. *By Robert F. Buckhorn. Prentice-Hall. 310 pp. $6.95.*

THOMAS DE BAGGIO
Mr. De Baggio is editor of Consumer Newsweek, *a Washington, D.C. newsletter.*

Ralph Nader, as you might expect, was not an ordinary kid, either.

When he was 4, his sense of outraged innocence and impending disaster was already finely honed. His sister Claire told Charles McCarry that while they were on board ship enroute to Lebanon for a visit, a steward "took a shine to Laura," the 4-year-old Nader's other sister. One day she became ill and the steward set out to take her something to eat. The young Nader "ran down to the stateroom and barred the door with his body, arms outspread," Claire recalled. "You can't go into the room where my sister is!" he shouted melodramatically.

Another dinner-table incident more than thirty years later indicates that he has changed little. He was sitting in a Princeton restaurant with McCarry and two of the young women from the group of Raiders that exposed nursing home abuses, Lallie Lloyd and Claire Townsend. A mutual fund salesman introduced himself as a Nader admirer, "believe it or not." Nader turned from the man rudely, leaving him "stumbling in embarrassment," McCarry recounts. Later, Nader said of him: "Did you notice that guy, how he was leering at Lallie?"

Of course, there are more facets to Nader, and both McCarry and Buckhorn pursue them. There is this Ralph Nader: the shy boy who grew up in Winsted, Conn., born February 27, 1934, to a family of Lebanese immigrants who were Greek Orthodox Catholics, but who attended Methodist Sunday School. He was raised on argumentative Arabic and English. At the age of 14, he found imaginative literature so wanting that for entertainment he turned instead to the gray pages of the *Congressional Record.* He hasn't picked up a novel since.

The same man thumbed down to Princeton, and was told to report to remedial English. He majored in Russian and Chinese. He went to class in a bathrobe to protest the conformist dress of his classmates.

The public advocate who regularly calls down righteous wrath on the heads of corporate America lost an early draft of his book *Unsafe at Any Speed* in a Washington, D.C. taxi. His notes were with it and he had to reconstruct the research from memory before he could finish the job for his boss, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then an Assistant Secretary of Labor with an interest in auto safety. And it is this same Nader, swept onto the nation's front pages, who can't convince some of his best friends not to eat hot dogs and drive Volkswagens, two items he has denounced often, and with passion. In 1967 he was named one of the Jaycee's ten outstanding men.

But it is not this kind of gossipy detail that gives sharp insight into Nader's character. It is better sketched, as he would doubtless wish, from his deeds. McCarry probes these, touching sensitive nerves, observing not only the impact but the form of Nader's relations with people.

He comes up with a paradox: "Nader, who has never had an ordinary job or a wife or a child, believes the masses—who are impelled to have all these things—have somehow ceased to be fully alive. Nader, who has hidden from other humans all his life, worries about the way in which intercourse has been machined out of modern life."

Nader has worked as an exposé artist and as an activist, pushing lawmakers into hard decisions. It was a major accomplishment to shift safety decision making away from the Detroit auto makers and into a government regulatory body. His other victories, while not as individually significant, have had a cumulative effect. But he has not achieved the goals he set for himself. This may be, as McCarry points out, because "Nader's rhetoric describes abuses and demands their abolition. He leaves out, and has always left out, any discussion of the political means for accomplishing his objectives."

However, he is moving in that direction, slowly demonstrating his concept of a Public Citizen. It is no longer enough to score a few legislative victories. McCarry senses that Nader sees that these Capitol Hill sallies have "merely legitimized the conditions he had set out to correct."

McCarry also finds that while Nader's "old methods" were based "on his instinctive distrust of organization," he conceives new structures to cure old problems caused by structure. "Mechanisms spring up around him," McCarry remarks, "and despite his illusion that each is a community of free spirits, all

THE SHERIFF

the sheriff has been
arrested he took the news
smiling relaxed and cordial
at the jail he offers
young ladies cokes and
asks them what they smoke

he fidgets with a huge
turquoise ring his eyes are
never direct and often sink
to the plank floor or to a knee

the sheriff has a hotel
room above his office
tell your ladies
to wear something foxy

when he noticed she wasn't
wearing a bra he tipped
his hat good morning
the sheriff has been
arrested he takes all news
smiling relaxed and cordial

Franz Douskey

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are dependent on him in the most rigid of all organizational formulas: one leader conceiving everything, deciding everything, keeping all but the most unimportant secrets to himself." It is what every corporate executive craves.

It is not stretching the point to suggest that Nader's way of recruiting idealistic, inexperienced young men and women from America's elite institutions and then paying them ridiculously low wages—if any at all—could easily create a band of yeasayers willing to shield him from criticism. It is little wonder that blacks have cut a wide path around Nader. Blacks aren't attracted to him, Nader feels, according to McCarry, because his starting salary is $4,500. He attempted to set up a black law firm in Washington but failed. Nader's excuse for what we would call racism if practiced by a great corporation, sounds, indeed, like the good old corporate reasoning, justifying a lack of black faces in the executive suites—"We can't find any that are qualified, but we're trying." Nader could hardly be unaware of the great sacrifices, financial and physical, that young blacks are making today in their struggle in the public interest.

While Nader has become a goad to the bureaucracy in Washington and to the press that covers it, his ruthlessness and behind-the-scenes manipulations have not been much examined. The press has been partial to Nader to the point of idolatry. McCarry extracted this quote from John Morris, *The New York Times*'s Washington consumer reporter: "I don't want to be associated with any negative stuff about Ralph Nader."

A particularly tragic instance of Nader's manipulation of people is detailed in a chapter dealing with Jock Yablonski's attempt to unseat Tony Boyle in the violent United Mine Workers election in 1969. McCarry says that Nader urged Yablonski to enter the race and even wrote his statement of candidacy. Yablonski was expecting great things from Nader, according to his son, but he became disillusioned when Nader did not come through with needed aid. In the end, McCarry says, Nader broke off contact altogether. He did not attend Yablonski's funeral, nor express his sympathy to the family of the murdered man.

Ralph Nader, like any human being, is a jumble of paradoxes. Charles McCarry polishes them until they shimmer. What he has accomplished is the humanization of a household god.

Robert Buckhorn's book describes the surface characteristics of Naderism. But it reads sometimes like the sayings of Chairman Ralph. It does not capture the man's human qualities.

The differences in approach may be partly the result of the authors' backgrounds. Buckhorn is a UPI reporter, assigned to the "Nader beat." His book suffers from the cramped journalese of the deadline-pressed wire reporter. One suspects that he is too close to, and too dependent on, his subject for the book's good.

McCarry, on the other hand, was a political appointee during the Eisenhower years and chief speech writer for Henry Cabot Lodge in 1960. Nader's friends in the Washington press corps greeted McCarry's book with a salvo of protest. They take their lumps in it. But Nader's own intimates found the book, in the words of one of them, "perceptive but loose with the facts." McCarry apparently made an earnest effort to avoid error. He sent typed copies of his notes to each person interviewed for corrections. However, as he notes, he did not always accept their corrections. Neither of these books, it is safe to say, covers the territory completely. But McCarry's anecdotal approach and lively writing make his the more entertaining. □

Laughing by Proxy

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BLACK FOLKLORE AND HUMOR. *Edited by Henry D. Spalding. Jonathan David Publishers. 589 pp. $12.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT
Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He is at present working on a study of fiction written by black American authors since World War II.*

This is a curious contribution to the rapidly growing black revolution industry. It is clearly meant for a lay audience and not for the folklore specialist. But exactly who its audience will be I'm not sure, for its aim is a little blurred. One of its objects seems to be to entertain with diverting stories and jokes. But it also has a serious purpose, to record the connecting links of the Negro people between Africa and America, between the past and the present. These links are in the black man's folklore, and they lie beneath history. It is Spalding's contention that the folklore transmitted orally by blacks has its roots in the great black civilizations of Africa, that it springs up in the stories of Joel Chandler Harris, and that vestiges of it can still be discerned in, presumably, the humor of Dick Gregory and Langston Hughes.

This is pretty scholarly stuff, and somehow it seems out of joint with the lighter aims of the work. It is one of the things that puzzle me about the collection. On the one hand, Spalding provides introductions to his several "books," attempting to demonstrate the relationship between folk tales and history. In these he makes some feint toward a scholarly apparatus. On the other hand, he doesn't answer questions we—at least I—want most to have answered: where do the stories come from? Who recorded them originally? Occasionally, we learn that they have been taken from the well-known folklorist J. Mason Brewer or from Harris or from Velma McCloud's *Laughter in Chains* (1901). But we discover almost inadvertently that Miss McCloud got many of her tales from her father, who had heard them from his grandfather, a slave in Georgia.

Quotations are inserted in the text without footnotes or quotation marks. That's O.K., but it's not always clear why they're there. For example, a long excerpt from Langston Hughes's *The Book of Negro Folklore* appears suddenly, like a butte without any relationship to the adjacent landscape, following an introduction to the last section, written in Spalding's florid prose. Considerable information is sometimes given in footnotes, but most of it is on material that is fairly accessible—on Dick Gregory, W. E. B. Du Bois, Langston Hughes, Billie Holiday. But though Spalding includes a fairly lengthy piece from something by Sandra Haggerty, we learn nothing about her, and I would guess that her name would be much less familiar to Spalding's audience than those of Gregory and the rest.

Spalding's intentions are impeccable: to show "the mystic bond of brotherhood that is evident in the continuity" of the blacks' struggle, and "to awaken or rekindle a desire in the reader to explore the circumstances in black history to which the folk tales, poems and folk songs allude." And in spite of all the weaknesses of this volume, he has collected a tremendous amount of material. It contains seven "books," each one more or less marking off a phase in the history of the American black man, from his African origins to the present "New Breed." Each book, as I have said, is preceded by an explanatory and historical introduction. The most interesting of

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these is the introduction to Book One, "The Long Night of Bondage." In it, Spalding rejects the legend that Aesop was black. He was, says Spalding, a Greek who got his tales from "the people of Africa who, as slaves, brought the stories to Greece and, much later, to Rome." He contends that the tales attributed to Aesop are really the inventions of one Lokman, an Ethiopian who told them to Aesop, who then recorded them and got the credit.

The tales themselves are of uneven quality throughout, and one has to approach them tongue in cheek, which is the way they are told, especially the ones that have no punch line. Among the early tales, some of the best come from the section in Book One that Spalding entitles "Magnolias and Mint Juleps—With Vinegar," satiric and sardonic pieces about black and white in the South. Old John observes a lynching and when the lynchers discover him he is terrified. The black victim deserved it, declares one of the white men. "He sholy did," agrees the super-discreet Old John, "I's surprised you let 'im off so easy!" A black New Yorker visits a small Southern town and, finding no blacks around, asks a white man where all the blacks "hang out." Pointing to a tree, the white man says, "See that limb?" And there is the Dixie liberal who brags about all the black friends he has and who decides to write a book: *Nigguhs I Have Known.*

The kind of humor that Spalding has collected is effectively described by Langston Hughes:

> Humor is laughing at what you haven't got when you ought to have it. Of course, you laugh by proxy. You're really laughing at the other guy's lacks, not your own. That's what makes it funny—the fact that you don't know you are laughing at yourself. Humor is when the joke is on you but hits the other fellow first—because it boomerangs. Humor is what you wish in your secret heart were not funny, but it is, and you must laugh. Humor is your own unconscious therapy.

In this respect, *The Encyclopedia of Black Folklore and Humor* is therapeutic. It shows black men making fun of themselves in all their avatars. All come under the gun—Uncle Toms, militants, students, workers, domestics, professionals, those who want to pass and those who proclaim their color with pride.

It is also a mishmash of odd information. There are stories about slave insurrections and race riots, clashes with Ol' Massah and Civil Rights marches, emancipation and voting, Governor Maddox and voter registration; there are pieces from Dick Gregory's nightclub acts and stories taken from Billie Holiday's autobiography, *Lady Sings the Blues*, and welcome repeats of Langston Hughes's Simple. There is a table of slave conspiracies, a chronology of inventions by black men, and a section of thumbnail biographical sketches. There is a list of proverbs and "superstitions," an addendum of soul food recipes (including baked possum, baked 'coon, neck bones, both red and Chicago style ribs, Northern and Southern sweet potato pie), and a short and unsatisfying essay on Black English, one of whose points is that the drawl spoken by Southern whites results from their adoption of "the slaves' gentle, liquid syllables."

For all my complaints about it, I cannot help liking this book and recommending it to those who want occasionally to glance through black eyes at the lighter side of a very heavy part of our history. □

An Axe, a Gun and a Bag of Corn

SOURCES: An Anthology of Contemporary Materials Useful for Preserving Personal Sanity While Braving the Great Technological Wilderness. *Edited by Theodore Roszak. Harper & Row/ Colophon Books. 572 pp. Paper $2.95.*

CLAY STEINMAN
Mr. Steinman is a free-lance writer living in New York.

It was nice being a college student in the late 1960s. We felt comfortably detached from a society we disdained while that same society was putting us through school. We could fight for what we thought was good without suffering any severe consequences for our rebellion. Most of all, though, we had a chance to grow and develop values in an environment that asked little of us. We were free to believe that somehow we had the ability to order both our world and ourselves to fit our ideals.

Time has shown that that ability was mostly illusory. America 1972 is pretty much the same as America 1968. The war and the Presidential campaign this year seem like replays of those of four years ago. But though the larger society hasn't changed nearly as much as we had expected it would, we've changed, perhaps in ways that we never anticipated. Our graduation thrust us and our ideas into an unreceptive environment and, unfortunately, since the environment has proved static, some of us have had to change to survive.

After spending a number of years being able to construct and evaluate our relationships by the standards (or nonstandards) we developed for ourselves, many of us feel acutely frustrated at not being able to live the lives we had once planned. A good many of us rapidly aging young people have found ourselves to some extent abandoning—though we may say postponing—our vision, and joining the madness in one or another capacity. Others are floundering, unable to cope with the fact that their ability to define their own lives outside of the university environment is very limited. Only a few have been able to realize their vision on a day-to-day basis.

That vision is explored in Roszak's new book. The author of *The Making of a Counter Culture* this time presents in undiluted form the material which he analyzed in his earlier work. And by now, he's an unabashed follower of a view of life that incorporates the best elements of the organized religions without reifying them into cold or destructive institutions.

At first I was hostile to the book. Roszak's deliberate exclusion of material

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concerned with the horror of the *status quo* seemed inexcusably elitist. How could anyone talk about a life of contemplation and peace while rats bite children and the bombs fall on Vietnam? The whole thing smacked terribly of class privilege, but with a new twist: sure, things are horrible, but those of us who are sensitive to the cosmic reality know that we've got to get ourselves together before we can try to really change anything. I had read material like this before—in smaller doses—and had liked it, but this book seemed too smug.

I soon realized that that judgment was premature. A sentence of Roszak's made me think that perhaps my particular outlook and prejudices had kept me from understanding the book in its own terms. It sounds a bit pretentious out of context, but here's what he wrote: "Self-discovery, lacking the social dimension, is to human liberation as masturbation is to love." I began to understand what Roszak was doing.

Organizing the book into what he calls the "five expanding stages of liberation," person, body, community, whole earth and transcendence, Roszak takes the reader on a journey first into himself, then out into relations with others, and finally back inside and beyond to transcendence of both self and others. Because of the circular flow of the book's material, the different selections blend well, and together form a coherent, even beautiful, whole.

Though the selections vary in quality and relevance, all are worth reading at least once and some offer remarkable insight in just a few pages. Some of the writers are superstars like Martin Buber, Paul Goodman, Norman O. Brown, Alan Watts, Abraham Maslow, R. D. Laing and Meher Baba. Laing's piece, an excerpt from his excellent book *The Politics of Experience*, describes the transcendental experience that is sometimes open to the schizophrenic and often open to the person who has taken a psychedelic drug. Goodman offers an introduction to Gestalt analysis and therapy. Watts discusses the Tao, the intangible nonbasis of much Eastern philosophy. When the essays are written in personal terms they work, and most of them are and do.

The best pieces, though, the freshest ones, come from relatively unknown people—perhaps because, unlike the others, these writers have spent their time trying to live their vision rather than packaging it for sale. Kay Johnson, in her essay "Proximity," deftly and lovingly speaks out against behavior which devotes more time to repressing love than it does to sharing it. Charlotte Selver successfully communicates the unfulfilled possibilities for sensuality in commonplace activities like sitting, standing, listening or thinking. Her essay, "Awakening the Body," is a convincing argument for approaching inner peace through expanded sensory awareness. And in his marvelous piece, "Revolt," Michael McClure offers some interesting parallels between the life of the planaria and the condition of modern human beings. Appended to the book is a list of Movement organizations for those who want to take themselves further in the direction indicated by some of the book's insights.

I was annoyed by the book's anti-Marxist, anarchist politics to the extent that it is based on vulgarizations of Marx, but that's a small matter in a work like this. As Roszak says, the book is about liberation, and reading *Sources* was itself a liberating experience. The book's subtitle sets forth an ambitious program. And though I'm not sure if the book directly helps its readers achieve it, rather than making them more frustrated about the lives they've been conditioned to lead, I do feel that *Sources* is a good book to read if—young or old or whatever—you want to think of what it might mean to go home to a life really worth living. □

All Things to All Men

VOICES FROM THE YIDDISH: Essays, Memoirs, Diaries. *Edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg. The University of Michigan Press. 332 pp. $8.95.*

SHELDON GREBSTEIN

Mr. Grebstein teaches English at the State University of New York (Binghamton). He is the author of John O'Hara *and* Sinclair Lewis *(both Twayne Publishers) and of the forthcoming* Hemingway's Craft *(Southern Illinois University Press).*

A current book with the word "Jew" or "Yiddish" in its title is hardly a novelty these days. But we have not always listened to so many Jewish voices. Books by, for, or about Jews began to appear in America in sufficient numbers to constitute a vogue only about twenty years ago. That was the time when we first heard the names Saul Bellow and Bernard Malamud, and we began to pay special attention to Jewish utterances in part because Bellow and Malamud were well worth an audience and in part because we had all been suddenly and permanently sensitized by the Nuremberg trials, the revelations about the camps, the pictures of corpses stacked like firewood or the incredible heaps of shoes, eyeglasses and gold fillings.

We soon learned such other names as Isaac Bashevis Singer, Philip Roth, and on the popular front, Herman Wouk. Powerful books migrated from abroad: André Schwartz-Bart's *The Last of the Just* and Elie Wiesel's *Night*, both translated from the French. Isaac Babel's stories were rediscovered. Thus what began as a vogue did not fizzle out, as vogues normally do. It lasted and became a movement. How else can we explain such phenomena as the best-sellerdom of the brilliant but abstruse and sometimes tedious *Herzog*, or the wild success of that weird admixture of wormwood and hot fudge, *Portnoy's Complaint*?

A book such as Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg's collection, *Voices from the Yiddish*, indicates that what started as a vogue and expanded into a movement has now matured into an institution, and is here to stay. The same process is operating, though perhaps with less spectacular results, in recent attempts to save the Jewish folk language —as instanced by Leo Rosten's *The Joys of Yiddish* and Maurice Samuel's *In Praise of Yiddish*. And there is a concomitant celebration of Yiddish literature and the Jewish past, matters central to the institutionalization of the Jew, which is exemplified in the book at hand.

This collection, the third in recent years by the same editors, completes (or so I assume) their project and intention: to bring together representative selections of Yiddish writing in a format appealing to both Jewish and non-Jewish readers. Their first two books, *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories* and *A Treasury of Yiddish Poetry* fulfilled that intention admirably, particularly the collection of stories, which was generous, tastefully chosen, and had a superb introduction. Like its predecessors, *Voices from the Yiddish* seeks to revive and enhance a consciousness of that rich civilization that at one time flourished wherever Yiddish was spoken.

Indeed, the book presents what amounts to a synopsis of the major issues, events and phases of Yiddish life over the past century, with some of its selections reaching back even further to Biblical characters (e.g., Jehiel Trunk's essay "Jacob and Esau") or surveying developments over several centuries (Abraham Joshua Heschel's "The Eastern European Era in Jewish History").

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Though hardly encyclopedic in size or purpose, the book ranges widely enough to make it useful as a reference work. Here are the titles of the various groups of essays: "The Founding Fathers" (i.e., of Yiddish literature); "Eastern European Scene"; "A Few Central Themes and Figures"; "Jewishness in America: Beginnings"; "The Holocaust"; "Yiddish Language and Literature."

As is generally the case with reference books, this chorus of Yiddish voices does not invariably thrill. Some of them, such as the excerpts from Emmanuel Ringelbum's diary, "In the Warsaw Ghetto," pierce to the bone. Others, for example Reuben Iceland's "At Goodman and Levine's," which records the intellectual fervor of the young New York Yiddish writers of fifty years ago, or Abraham Ain's "Swislocz: Portrait of a Shtetl," are fascinating and informative. But others, such as C. Bezalel Sherman's "Nationalism, Secularism, and Religion in the Jewish Labor Movement," strike the reader as serious, scholarly, valuable as history, and quite dull. It must be said, nevertheless, that the dull voices in the collection are overpowered by the vibrant ones.

Despite the book's scope and variety, it has a single preoccupation and thesis: *Yiddishkeit*. That is, not "Judaism" in the formal sense but the experience of being, living, thinking, feeling Jewish: *Jewishness*. This condition is not simply researched, defined and analyzed—it is eulogized. Even Jewish weakness is celebrated. For example, Trunk's essay, "Jacob and Esau," is an ingenious interpretation of the Biblical tale using critical-allegorical techniques to make the point that Jacob is a paradigm for Jewish character and survival-cunning, a pattern in which weakness is strength. Similarly, Hayim Greenberg's essay, placed last (ironically?) in the "Holocaust" section, argues that the *golus* or exile-Jew should not be despised for accepting degradation but admired for adapting and surviving.

But there are two problems with all this. The first is a paradox, the second a bitter irony.

The paradox is that a book totally immersed in *Yiddishkeit* (which the editors perversely spell *yidishkayt*; what region did *they* come from?), and whose contributors passionately denounce assimilation, leaves the impression that it, itself, is too well assimilated. In other words, the content is Jewish, the style is not. Only rarely are these voices specifically identifiable as *Yiddish*. This may seem a quirky criticism, but the translations are too smooth, too Anglicized. What I'm really saying—and I might as well get both the chauvinism and the bias right out into the open—is that expository prose which deals with *Yiddishkeit* doesn't affect us as directly and powerfully as does imaginative writing, literature. I prefer my *Yiddishkeit* sung in stories and poems. As good as most of these selections are, they lack the tone, the deep resonance, the *tahm* (flavor) of that marvelous language we hear in the writing of Bellow, Malamud and Singer, or that is retained in the translations of such Yiddish masters as Peretz and Sholom Aleichem.

The bitter irony is that if *Voices from the Yiddish* delivers a eulogy, it also sounds an elegy. While the Jew himself thrives, grows in public esteem, and solidifies his status as an institution, the rich culture that engendered him and whose language was Yiddish is no more, strangled into silence. Although Yiddish enjoys a temporary renaissance in some university programs and language courses, it is discouraged in the only country where it might conceivably survive and prosper permanently, Israel. Only one major writer, Isaac Bashevis Singer, still writes in Yiddish for Yiddish readers, but he is old and they ever fewer. Three decades ago Yiddish was the language of millions; now only thousands know it.

Yiddish and *Yiddishkeit* deserved better. As one of these writers says, in the final line of the final essay—by which ordering of elements the editors underline the irony I mean—Yiddish was "A language without *mazl**." □

* Luck, good fortune.

Purge the Court and Pack It Too

A QUESTION OF JUDGMENT: The Fortas Case and the Struggle for the Supreme Court. *By Robert Shogan. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 314 pp. $10.*

BARRY SCHWEID

Mr. Schweid is a newsman specializing in the Supreme Court and a contributor to The Nation, The Economist *and National Public Radio.*

Without explaining away the special conceit that prompted Abe Fortas to agree to a longer-than-lifetime deal with Louis Wolfson, the financial manipulator, this new account of the unfortunate affair concludes that at worst it was a question of terrible judgment by an accomplished man who should have known better. Robert Shogan, who normally does his digging as a member of *Newsweek*'s Washington staff, has unearthed nothing to incriminate Fortas otherwise. There is no evidence that he meddled in the Securities and Exchange Commission inquiry that eventually sent Wolfson to prison for nine months. "The error of Fortas's ways is hard to classify," Shogan writes. "He did not commit a crime; we have the Justice Department's word for that."

Obviously, the White House and the Justice Department didn't commit a crime either in the way they handled this unexpected opportunity to replace a vigorous liberal on the Court with a Nixon "law and order" judge. But the constitutional principles that separate executive from legislature and judiciary were severely strained, Shogan concludes, as the President and Attorney General Mitchell did all in their power to spread the unfounded impression among Congress, the press and the public that some crime may have been committed. Earl Warren, certain to do what he must to avert a scandal during his final year in public life, was enlisted to apply his con-

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siderable influence on Fortas to make him resign from the Supreme Court. And this was a Chief Justice whose sense of decorum was such that he was disturbed with Fortas for not absenting himself on the Jewish Holy Days and all but ordered his nonobservant Jewish colleague to accept awards from Jewish organizations. At last, Fortas yielded to the inevitable, and the President and Attorney General Mitchell were free to try out Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell on the Senate.

There is much that is new in this book, although both Fortas and Warren declined to be interviewed. Six months before *Life* magazine disclosed that Fortas had taken a $20,000 check from the Wolfson Foundation, Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark confronted him with a somewhat less developed account of the relationship, passed to Clark by Robert M. Morgenthau, the U.S. Attorney for New York City. The great concern then was whether the Justice had violated the income tax law. When Fortas told Clark he had returned the money, the Attorney General considered the matter closed. He never advised President Johnson, Fortas' benefactor. This was four days after Richard Nixon had been elected President.

Of course, the Nixon men took an entirely different approach. Will R. Wilson, a Texas Republican in charge of the Justice Department's criminal division, was in command of the investigation and searched relentlessly for evidence of a criminal violation. William H. Rehnquist, chief of the office of legal counsel and now himself a Justice of the Supreme Court, researched the laws. He found one under which Fortas could be prosecuted if there was evidence that he had assisted Wolfson during the SEC investigation. And he advised Mitchell that a sitting Justice could be prosecuted without first being removed from the bench by Congressional impeachment. Even the FBI was called in.

The controversy stirred by Fortas' mistake and the way the new Administration fanned the flames undoubtedly hurt the Court even while Nixon and Mitchell were laboring to alter its philosophy. It is a peculiar institution, unable to defend itself and dependent mostly upon an atmosphere of good will. Fortas hurt it. So did they—perhaps more, Shogan suggests: "The partisanship and hypocrisy that have so far marked the struggle over the Court threaten to undermine respect for the law and to diminish the Court as an institution." □

LEO STONECUTTER
(for Catherine Clay)

Leo Stonecutter
lives in the cemetery
self-imposed
he carves the stones

he places them over head
in the winter
his spade is hard
as the ground

in the spring
he plants trees
like everybody else
careful of earthworms

and talks aloud
leaving his cap at home

Raymond Metrulis

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Culpepper Cattle Co., directed by Dick Richards from his own story (which is minimal), essays to squeeze still one more pressing out of the American West by showing what it was *really* like in that brief period when they were driving the longhorns a thousand miles to the railhead. Briefly and literally, it runs red; there is slaughter every mile of the way. The cowhands riding for Frank Culpepper (played by Billy "Green" Bush in a highwayman's enveloping black beard) are half-crazed gunmen—the scum of the earth as centaurs. Human life is of considerably less value than cattle life, anything on two feet is an enemy and the boys shoot for the belly on sight. Culpepper, said to be "reformed" because he kills only when it seems advisable, wants to get his beasts to market; the others are more interested in depopulating the West, though they do look forward rather morosely to the bars and brothels of Fort Lewis. It all adds up to a busy scenario, and it is filmed in a grainy, wet-plate style that is intended to suggest authenticity. However, there is no reason to suppose it more accurate than was the Bill Hart-Hoot Gibson image of the chivalrous Wild West.

The picture hangs on the frail shoulders of one Ben Mockridge (Gary Grimes), a virginal youth who deserts his job of delivering laundry for his mother to sign on as cook's assistant for the Culpepper drive. Ben has bought a gun and before the picture is over he has killed a man, but the effect of the expedition is to disillusion him with cowpunching as a vocation. The more so, since his decision to befriend a pilgrimage of religious extremists in Mother Hubbards and John Alden hats results in a holocaust that virtually wipes out the Culpepper personnel.

American movies almost always do well with the professional aspects of outdoor jobs and what I would assume Rogers recorded accurately is the technique of one of the big cattle drives. The men ride marvelously, their offhand dexterity with ropes and leather contrasts sharply with their scabrous, monotonous conversation, and the exhausting heat and dust beat at them in photography that is only a little too self-consciously beautiful (shooting panoramas directly into the sun is an easy way to make the audience say "Ah!").

What is wrong with the picture is that as documentation it lacks authority and as fiction it is simple-minded. It gives its most scrupulous attention to the proliferation of plausible corpses. They do look convincing, but for the most part I was unsure which was which.

Hal's mum has died and he and Dennis, a couple of Katzenjammer Brighton kids, decide she doesn't really need her coffin, a handy strongbox for the great blocks of pound notes they have quarried out of the bank next door to the undertaker's. That sounds a familiar enough situation, and *Loot*, directed by Silvio Narizzano from a stage play by Joe Orton, is familiar enough black comedy slapstick. Laying irreverent hands on a corpse is an almost infallible device for inducing shocked laughter.

So is the dimwitted dame—in this case Lee Remick, playing a sex doll—who has dedicated her life to administering poison (see *Arsenic and Old Lace*), or the hearse whose brakes fail on the long hill down to the cemetery (see *Italian Straw Hat*, in René Clair's film version). Indeed, *Loot* is more a contrivance than a creation, with Hal and Dennis (Roy Holder and Hywell Bennett) displaying sufficiently explicit, if sometimes ambiguous, eroticism to make the enterprise modish.

I don't hold its derivations against the picture—the circus was predictable entertainment, and very good fun until changing social conditions and the introduction of pastel tanbark pretty well killed it. And *Loot* provides the added attraction of Richard Attenborough as Truscott of the Yard, a characterization that gives the slapstick a cutting edge. Truscott is a parody of all the indefatigable, indestructible, omniscient sleuths from Holmes to Lord Peter. An inspector whose incompetence is exceeded only by his self-satisfaction, he is also sadistic and utterly corrupt. Attenborough dances through this grim joke with witty ease; he adds a suggestion of adult nastiness to the somewhat juvenile romp.

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The picture has a tendency to coil back on itself, as though using up time (I understand Orton's play was a one-acter); farces cannot afford to give the suckers a second look at the merchandise, but even so I was glad to have invested a rainy afternoon in *Loot*. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It is time to honor the players: we do not sufficiently appreciate their contribution to what we experience in the theatre. It is different in England. The public there will go to a play in which one of their major actors appears, even when the script is pronounced weak. It is right to do so. The same is true with us only when the actor has achieved an outstanding success in films and has not for a long time been seen on the stage. But that is to neglect a crucial feature of theatre art, *performance*.

It is a fact that since 1929 American acting has not been on the level of the days when our stage was graced by such luminaries as Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, Otis Skinner, Laurette Taylor, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the Marx Brothers, Jeanne Eagels, Ina Claire, Arnold Daly, Holbrook Blinn, Pauline Lord, Richard Bennett, W. C. Fields, Fanny Brice, Dudley Digges, George Arliss, Fred and Adele Astaire, Nazimova, Walter Huston, Alice Brady, Louis Calhern, Margaret Anglin, Fredric March and others of similar caliber. I would hasten to the theatre to see any of those players, no matter what their text.

Today, actors who shine brightly in one or two Broadway engagements soon leave the stage, their return to it contingent on the degree of their acclaim elsewhere. That is one reason why we have so few mature stage actors of extraordinary quality. Still we do have some whose presence makes an evening in the theatre worth attention. A lack of interest in acting for its own sake conspires to lessen both the ambition and development of many talents.

On several occasions during the past two weeks a number of productions have proved pleasant or better because of one or more members of the cast. In *Sugar* (Majestic Theatre), a musical comedy by Peter Stone, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, based on the Marilyn Monroe film *Some Like It Hot*, Robert Morse and Tony Roberts, with assistance from Gower Champion as director-choreographer, afforded me considerable entertainment. There was also effective tap-dancing by Steve Condos, and Elaine Joyce (in the Monroe part) has lovely "lines."

Morse is witty in craft, with a gift for collusion with the audience so that it becomes a partner in the jokes he cracks with words, gestures and antics of camp intent. Tony Roberts is entirely winning in his youthful American affability, canny common sense and innocence. The show is well paced, the movement adept. As for the rest—who cares!

David Robison's *Promenade, All!* (Alvin Theatre) is a quaint comedy which traces the destiny of a small-town family from 1895 through 1920 and 1945 to the approximate present. There are cute quips in the text, some of them relevant to the provincial prejudices of our past and others good-naturedly satiric of the later periods. Much of the writing stems from old jokes (or seems to), but I don't mind such jokes; they have "tradition"! One laughs at them because of their cozy familiarity.

What provided me with a good time were the performances of Hume Cronyn, Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. There is something of vaudeville in all of their acting, but that is a style like any other. Hume Cronyn, who plays old men delightfully (a minute crook of the knee in tight trousers constitutes what amounts to an immediate characterization), is shrewdly humorous throughout—even in his character's younger years. Eli Wallach, with hilariously strangulated voice, milquetoast rage and pathetically impotent yearning as an old-time henpecked burgher, is at his best as the Ollie H. of 1895 and 1920 and is still funny as Ollie's grandson from 1945 on—a stuffy and ultimately harassed business entrepreneur. While Anne Jackson is most attractive and convincing as an efficient young woman of today, she is definitely amusing through her own natural spunkiness as the middle-aged and elderly Mother H. She doesn't manage to do quite as well with the "society" wife devoted to charity and good works in 1945 and her latter-day commitment to Zen mythology. The play is directed by Arthur Storch and designed by David Chapman in the right mode.

When the Maxwell Anderson-Kurt Weill play with music, *Lost in the Stars*, based on *Cry, the Beloved Country*, Alan Paton's novel about the hardships of a black minister's family in South Africa, was first produced in 1950 I reviewed it (elsewhere) with unwarranted severity. I thought the dramatization rather thin

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and sentimental and the music inferior Weill, whose *Threepenny Opera* and *Mahagonny* I had always greatly admired.

I now accept the "book" much more readily for the benevolence and honesty of its feeling: Anderson's baffled sorrow at the persistence of evil, in this case the evil of racial bigotry, even though, except in the last two scenes, it rises to no special eloquence or power. I still find the score diluted by eclectic smatterings from various musical traditions, but it is so far superior to most of the scores written hereabouts for a long time that I concede that the praise with which it is now greeted is justified. Kurt Weill was, after all, a theatre musician of a high order.

Gene Frankel's direction of the piece at the Imperial Theatre, thoroughly stylized in Oliver Smith's functional set, is better than the more "realistic" staging of the original production. My only demur is the use of Zulu ritual movement, masks and the like between the scenes. (This is not a particular criticism but a general one: the device was also used in the prologue to *The Black Terror*.) I can't understand why plays or musicals about the wretched condition of the blacks in contemporary society have to be set off by contrasting it with images and dances supposedly emblematic of primitive folklore. It is mere ornament, in a sense a species of unconscious condescension. The black problem is one of living as a socially repressed group in the industrial world. There is no more consistency in depicting that dilemma by reverting to the presumed beauties and dignity of the blacks' primal condition than it would be to provide *Juno and the Paycock, The Plough and the Stars* or *The Shadow of a Gunman* with intervals presenting Ireland as the habitat of its legendary kings.

The great assets of the new production of *Lost in the Stars* (Imperial Theatre) are its two leading players, Brock Peters and Gilbert Price, together with the singing of an ingratiatingly eager youngster named Giancarlo Esposito and the stalwart Rod Perry who leads the chorus in the nobly sorrowful chant of the title song. Both Peters and Price have splendid voices and both are personally impressive. Peters (the country minister of the play) becomes ever more moving as the evening progresses through his evident belief in the play's tragic theme. In the final moments his bewilderment and grief become inescapably poignant. Gilbert Price, as Peters' son, torn and terrified amid the criminal debris of the Zulu workers' environment in Johannesburg, brings true substance to his role and gives his singing something more than a beautiful sound.

I liked a lot the new "musical entertainment" *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*. (Playhouse Theatre: 357 West 48th St.) "Black shows" which are either radical in protest or comic as parody are no longer novelties. What distinguishes *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* is that its defiance is confident and joyous. It is proud without boast; it chides but does not rail. It proclaims progress but also urges the need and determination for further advance. It possesses strength without menace. It laughs a lot and abounds in vigor. There is less plaint in it than affection. It is entirely healthy.

The various numbers are good—some of them grand—and the cast of twelve sings exuberantly with a gusto befitting the occasion. The dancing is replete with endless energy which does not exhaust either those who do it or those who watch it. All has been simply and properly handled by Vinnette Carroll as director and George Faison as choreographer. This is a show that has risen from the "streets" and brings fresh air to the stage.

The author of the lyrics and music is Micki Grant, whose intimate manner of delivery brings charm and serenity into the boisterous (but never crude or vulgar) atmosphere. Miss Grant is good to look at, her personality soothing and warm. The audience reaction—black and white—is wholeheartedly cordial, not merely noisy. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

There is a florescence of picturesque elements in Suzi Gablik's collages (Terry Dintenfass, through May 26)—a range of animals, birds, reptiles in such profusion that only a major fire could have shepherded them together in such numbers. The "Tropisms," as she calls her collage-paintings, are landscapes, somewhere between Africa and Eden, intricately inhabited and packed with images of community in what Melville called "the unwarped primal world." The human image appears at times, but is not indispensable. It is the creatural imagery that Gablik compiles in largest numbers from current magazines and illustrated books and which can therefore be presented with the greatest connectivity as each form echoes others.

Gablik, author of a book on René Magritte that was published two years ago (New York Graphic Society), is obviously concerned with the kind of three-dimensional space in which objects and marvels can be located. In terms of collage, this means that she has no need of the flat, horizonless picture plane of Cubist collage. The alternative to flat collage, call it scenic collage, began in 1919 when Max Ernst discovered the potential for rearrangement of engraved images in printed catalogs, which led ten years later to the first of his collage-novels, *La Femme 100 Têtes*. According to Ernst, his rearrangement and additions "transform the banal pages of advertisements into dramas which reveal my most secret desires." If the resulting images are fantasy material, it only shows how dreams date. In fact, the infrastructure of the original engravings was not appreciably changed by Ernst's cutups, so that what the collages look like is parody of 19th-century conventions rather than a personal revelation. However, as comedy they are fine.

Gablik's work belongs in the tradition of scenic collage, but with differences that are crucial. Surrealist collage was always bound by the notion of colliding images as set by Lautréamont's "chance encounter of a sewing machine and an umbrella on a dissecting table" (decodable into female, male and bed). Translated into visual terms, this meant that naturalistically rendered collage parts were made foreign by their conjunction. Gablik's collages, however, do not include disparate images grinding against one another. On the contrary, her forms are united in a flux of resemblances, on the order suggested by Breton's poem "Plein Marge": "*L'édifice au seul regard sans clignement du lézard et mille frondaisons.*"

Likenesses, more strange than Surrealist disjunctions, unite Gablik's flora and fauna. Zebras-butterflies-tigers-wasps-striped snakes, at various sizes, make one unit, enmeshed in a camouflage of resemblances. Her forms are small in relation to the picture area, because of their "literary" origin, but they set up an aggregate of subspaces. In another "Tropism," turkeys-tigers-giraffes are united on the basis of visual analogies, as well as by a marvelous jigsawing together of different angled poses and movement in different directions. The pictures are crowded but smooth.

The act of imperial annexation of existing imagery and the precious sense of its documentary validity in the case of photographs are both indispensable to the collagist. However, there is a restriction—the artist is bound by the size of his original material, usually printed matter. Ernst's collages suffered from being obedient spatially to the format of

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his sources. The problem was demonstrated a few years ago in the work of Rosalyn Drexler, whose early collages were no bigger than a dime magazine. When she tried to enlarge the scale by using sections of images from movie posters and billboards, the intimate documentary character of collage got lost. Gablik handles the problem of scale brilliantly: the works all measure 24 x 24 inches and contain a maze of detail from, I suppose, the *National Geographic, Life,* animal books, and so on. Thus the quoted material is set into a larger context than the pages it came from, but is held legibly and firmly in place. (One way to overcome the size restriction and yet keep ready-made images is to print photographic enlargements of chosen material in paintings, but this moves out of the realm of collage proper as the compilation of discrete pre-existing matter.)

Another technical problem that Gablik has surmounted handsomely is the incorporation of modern color printing, with its intense and glamorous range of color, into collage. (Bernard Réquichot and John McHale were among the first to incorporate postwar printing advances, but neither achieved anything like the coherently structured work, at once complex and stable, of Gablik.) She uses paint to unify and emphasize the pasted parts of her pictures, which must be numbered in the hundreds; the cues for her manual work, however, are taken from the glittering colors of the reproductive processes. The blending of paint and multifarious bits of colored paper is subtly done, so that the transitions between quoted forms are perpetually animated. The hand-done color gives clandestine support to the printed images. What is remarkable about these works is that they are organic, not fragmentary; the parts are fused as in painting, not dispersed as with her antecedents in Surrealist collage. Only in Joseph Cornell's boxes can I think of a comparable unification of collage by mood and by tone. It is of the nature of collage, however, for the identity of the separate bits not to be entirely lost in pictorial flow and logic, and in the "Tropisms" she translates the literalness of the parts into a sense of plenty. It is as if her subject were the simultaneity of the world, at any one time, as a dense spectacle. □

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

Several decades ago, certain American intellectuals were exhorting American writers to write like Americans. What that means has still not been defined, but it was and is easy to sense that for some writers, European and English sensibilities are a yoke, that they write not from a trans-cultural but a mid-cultural vantage point. This situation has been largely corrected; it is even possible to detect attitudes of American superiority, as though writers were casting aside the ambiguities posed by Henry James between the virtues of the Old World and the New (crass but vigorous) World and choosing wholeheartedly the New—some going so far as to proclaim that Crass is Beautiful.

In dance, the situation has been the same, only the roles are reversed and the process has not gone as far. It is the Europeans who are doing the imitating and suffering the consequences. Whether there will ever be a distinctly European or national modern dance (including ballet) style, followed by a strong anti-American trend, remains to be seen, but right now just about every European dance not in the tradition of the 19th-century ballet has a *déjà vu* look. It is not just the American modes of movement—namely, the breaking down of classical ballet's continuous body line—that the Europeans uncomfortably latch onto but American ideas on what dance is about. From Balanchine and Merce Cunningham, primarily, we learned that dance is not "about" anything; it need not tell a story or even concern itself with the psyche.

The Netherlands Dance Theatre, which ended a two-week run on April 9 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, is now undergoing traumatically the Americanization phase. You know it's a European company because it is grasping for the *avant-garde* look (at a time when "*avant-garde*" connotes something that was new fifty years ago), because it is so dead serious about being with it, and because it is stale. These qualities could be endured were it not for the company's gross misunderstandings about American dance. The man most responsible for the wrongheadedness is, I suspect, Glen Tetley, an American, oddly enough, who has worked mostly in Europe and whose choreographic influence on the company seems to have become total since it last visited New York four years ago. In 1968 Hans van Manen was the guiding light. As I remember his ballets, they were usually perceptive and musically appropriately complex. They were difficult but arresting and made sense. They combined classicism and a more modern style, a little like Balanchine's *Four Temperaments*. Now van Manen is content merely to mimic music, and his work, as well as that of other choreographers seen this season, bears a disturbingly close resemblance to Tetley's gymnastic, amusical style. Even Tetley's mannerisms—such as a constant use of deep and wide knee bends and crouching stances —runs through all the other ballets. One of Tetley's major problems is his carrying to unworkable extremes the Americans' discovery that body line and phrases of movement can be fragmented and still be comprehensible. Phrases are smashed into bits and pieces, so that the steps seem to be picked out of a hat. They are impossible to absorb. His disjointed choreography and the disorientation felt by the observer is most curious for the steps themselves are all too familiar. It is as though Tetley had a breathing apparatus different from the rest of us. One cannot feel rhythm or kinetic motivation in his dances. They are gibberish.

When Americans decided to purify dance of literal meaning, they did not mean for it to be meaningless. It could connote or evoke; it could be poetic. The best of modern dance and ballet may not make literal sense, but it does make inner sense. The bulk of

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the Netherlands repertory is obscure, without mood, passion or musicality. And yet every work has numerous signposts indicating that something is up. The hitch is that they are not an intrinsic part of the choreography. In Tetley and van Manen's *Mutations*, clothing seems to be crucial. It ranges from ingenious stylizations of medieval armor to nudity. In van Manen's *Squares*, a lighted square frame circumscribes the dancers from different angles. In his *Grosse Fuge*, to Beethoven, there is more costume changing. In his *Situation*, a clock records the passing minutes loud and clear. Jaap Flier's *Hi-Kyo* centers around a couple tangling with a clump of ropes suspended from the ceiling. Every ballet sends out a warning flare that ideas are at work, but since these are not carried into, much less developed by, the dancing, they become gimmicks and the most memorable aspects of the dances. Because they function only as accouterments, they give the ballets damnably highfalutin airs.

In themselves, the scenery and costumes work in collusion with the ballets' images. With the exception of Nadine Baylis' witty costumes for *Mutations* and Tetley's *Imaginary Film*, in which she dressed the dancers in satiric elegance, the costumes are an unknowing satire on elegance. Yes, white is chic and white with a spot of color is more chic. But white set after white set, and white leotard after white leotard (with an occasional black ballet), is "chick." The nonwhite scenery (mostly black and white) is harmlessly, perhaps attractively abstract, but without artistic merit. In overall effect, these sets give to the company an image of gutless contemporaneity to suit the taste of "swinging dentists," as someone has described the audience appeal of a fairly new magazine.

This fancy banality, combined with a meaningless, chaotic choreography that is determined to be modern, challenging, up on technological detail à la Cunningham's troupe (the program notes for *Situation* actually list in order of appearance twenty sound effects, ranging from bathtub filling to bathtub emptying, from jet engine on runway to jet flying overhead) makes the company hateful. That is the positive, juicy reaction; the other one is boredom. Whether because of thematic or choreographic mumbo-jumbo, most of the ballets induced a mental fading out. (The few accessible ballets, such as van Manen's *Tilt* and *Grosse Fuge* and Czerny's *Concerto Grosso*, were simple-minded.) The experience of being unable to remember what I had just seen was unique, weird and ironic, since the company obviously wants to stimulate, if not entertain. The ballets slipped by, while the meticulously trained dancers solemnly went through their paces in meticulously white leotards.

Another visitor to New York after a four-year absence was the Pennsylvania Ballet (April 5-16, City Center). Unlike other relatively small and new companies based outside New York, this one looks cohesive. The ensemble is well schooled, thoroughly drilled, and has *esprit*. In line with the director's intent to have the company grow from within its own ranks, no guest stars are invited to beef up the level of dancing for an evening and then depart by the next morning's plane. They're not needed anyway, for the troupe has a few outstanding and long-standing female dancers of its own. Although I saw Alba Calzada only in a short duet in Balanchine's *Four Temperaments*, it was enough to know that she is an unusually intelligent, exact and elegant dancer. She managed to make one of Balanchine's most convoluted duets look utterly calm and casually, rather than startlingly, different. In fact, the entire cast approached this revolutionary work with friendliness, humor, and a self-confidence that enabled them to dance "a great work" as though they simply liked it. Hilda Morales, who dances both modern and classical, *bel canto* ballets, has perfect placement, easy-going technical control, and is always totally in focus. You don't watch anyone else when she's on the stage. She has a delightful way of punctuating a phrase with a slight hesitation followed by a quick flick of her foot or glance to the upper balcony of the house. These are the small gestures that make a dancer vibrant and that bring alive the continuous crests in a Balanchine *pas de deux*, in this case the *Raymonda Variations*. Judging from this ballet, with its series of technically and musically exacting solo variations, the Pennsylvania Ballet has many accomplished women upon which to draw for the future.

The men are weaker, though the company has recently hired two distinguished virtuosos, Lawrence Rhodes and Keith Martin (from Britain's Royal Ballet), and Ross Parkes, from Martha Graham's company. The three new ballets presented during the season ranged from innocuous to pretentious, but I appreciate the fact that they were done by a resident choreographer and a member of the company. If the company stuck only to proven classics (Balanchine, Lucas Hoving's *Icarus*, John Butler's *Carmina Burana*, the *Pas de Quatre* after Perrot, 1840) its repertory would of course be better. But the company has the long view in mind, and so it must not become so entrenched in a lend-lease program that it neglects its own resources. One of the most pleasing and encouraging points about the company, however, is that, although it is heavily dependent on Balanchine, the dancers perform his works without reverence but with thoughtful interpretation. □

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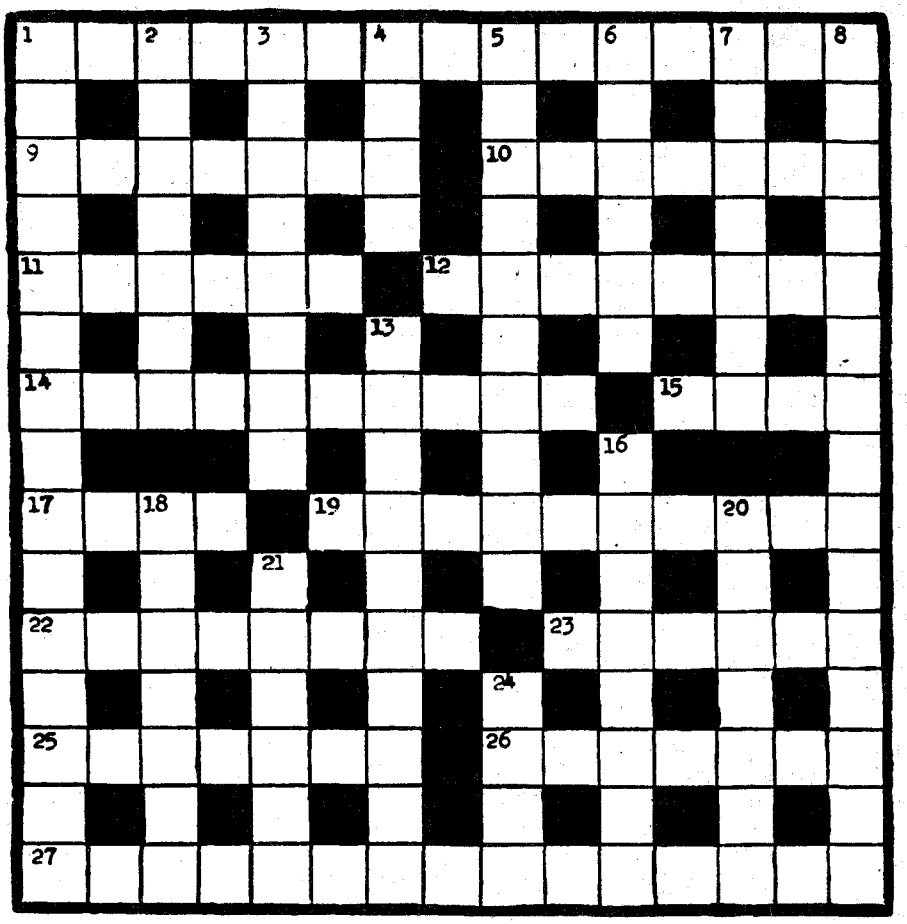

ACROSS

1 They might defend an implication that the bar is completely illegal. (8,7)
9 Do they have a suggestive look? (7)
10 It should have a point somewhat like a saw. (7)
11 Six feet, understand? (6)
12 It might make me mad, and tie me in knots. (8)
14 Change of address, to a number of places where the navy might hang out. (10)
15 You might call one back at eleven. (4)
17 Reputedly a terrible ruler. (4)
19 Leaves a mark on language with a disease. (10)
22 Possible project report due with E-minus? (8)
23 Doesn't the book sound deadly! (6)
25 Not necessarily a mine disaster you might be caught in. (7)
26 The trappings of royalty. (7)
27 "War and Peace" planned here, supposedly. (5,10)

DOWN

1 Herb isn't exactly a Frisco father to his children! (10,5)
2 Doing anything? No! (7)
3 Igloo? (8)
4 This ran out of the money. (4)
5 They might view your speech with understanding. (3-7)
6 Court study, perhaps, but not very animate. (6)
7 She looked good in widow's weeds, according to O'Neill. (7)
8 One of those things educators sometimes go on? (10,5)
13 There's only a little wrong with the cold plaice, though it's badly prepared. (10)
16 Try and avoid chores this way, and you'll see one of your parents hang around. (8)
18 Military address, not quite yet marginal. (7)
20 Something less than an affront, not out of proper treatment for some. (7)
21 Give a girl weapons? A well-known one didn't prove effective. (6)
24 Count, in holding raffles. (4)

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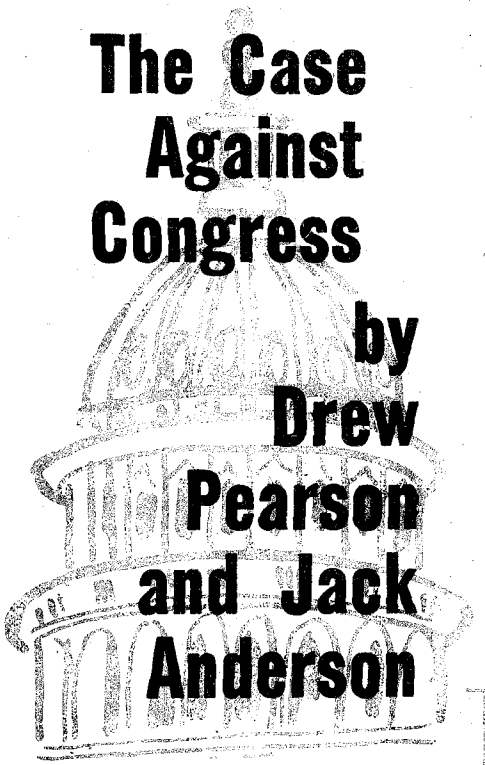

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